

# SNAKE EYES

NO. 2



Featuring :  
SIDETRACK CITY BY KAZ  
PEEP FREAK BY GLENN HEAD  
JILTED! BY JONATHON ROSEN  
ALLKA HALL OF SHAME BY DAVID SANDLIN  
And more cartoons!





# CONTENTS

Publisher **FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS**

Editors **GLENN HEAD KAZ**

Cover **JONATHAN ROSEN**

Inside Front Cover **GARY LEIB**

Introduction by **RICHARD GEHR**

Border Art by **JAYR PULGA**

**3 PEEP FREAK**  
GLENN HEAD

**10 A MISFIT**  
ANTHONY MOSTROM

**11 JILTED?**  
JONATHAN ROSEN

**19 UNCLE MARKY'S FUN CLINIC #1**  
MARK NEWGARDEN

**20 THE NUDIST NUNS OF GOAT ISLAND**  
MACK WHITE

**25 UNCLE MARKY'S FUN CLINIC #2**  
MARK NEWGARDEN

**26 THE PUKEY** Fiction by NIGEL DENNIS  
Illustrated by MARK BEYER

**30 PROBLEM INSPIRATION**  
KRYSTINE KRYTTRE

**31 MOJO HAND** Written by MATT VERDERY  
Drawn by DOUG ALLEN

**37 THE LOVE DOLLS**  
JULIE DOUCET

**40 PRELUDE TO A KISS**  
JAYR PULGA

**46 UNCLE MARKY'S FUN CLINIC #3**  
MARK NEWGARDEN

**47 JUNKYARD MOTHERFUCKER**  
ROY TOMPKINS

**52 ENTHUSIASM**  
J. BRADLEY JOHNSON

**58 THE JOKE**  
MARK BEYER

**63 ALLKA HALL OF SHAME**  
DAVID SANDLIN

**66 MAC WORTH** BOB SIKORYAK  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

**68 UNCLE MARKY'S FUN CLINIC #4**  
MARK NEWGARDEN

**69 SIDETRACK CITY**  
KAZ

**96 ADS**

Inside Back Cover  
**SERPENTINA, THE SNAKE-EYED TORSO**  
JOE COLEMAN

Back Cover **GLENN HEAD**

SNAKE EYES is published annually by  
the Cartoon Cabal. Entire contents  
© 1992 by the contributors. All rights reserved.

Special thanks and a tip of the inkwell to:  
Helene Silverman  
Don Gilbert  
Florian Bachleda  
The estate of the late Nigel Dennis  
and A. M. Heath

2

Feedback, fan letters and submissions (sorry, we are unable to respond to  
unsolicited submissions unless we intend to use your work) should be sent to:  
Snake Eyes Productions, 204 Powers Street, Brooklyn NY 11211. Dealer inquiries?  
Write to: Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115





## HIGHER THAN HIEROGLYCERINE

*The Secret Life of Interplanetary Pictograms*

By Richard Gehr

No "Underground" comic shambles hopelessly into the night.

Whether scratched on Flintstone walls to attract mastodons to their meaty demise, or etched in haunted, swinging-lightbulb studio apartments at 3:43 a.m. to hex the amateur disco king upstairs, every comic has its purpose. The Aesthetic Transmogrifier rechannels the history of comics in order to sassily perpetuate the species. Another breed, the Therapeutic Realist, draws cartoons in order to exorcise demonic landlords, lovers, publishers, or parents, thereby allowing us to revel in the myth, grit, and psychopathology of everyday life.

Neither the history of cartoon art, however, nor things as they seem between bath and bed are enough for the *Snake Eyes* cabal, for whom the doors of perception exist only to be beaten down in a dark, dervish frenzy. Sometimes *Snake Eyes* feels like an initiation into something the classic undergrounds and earlier ECs only hinted at. At others it invokes Little Nemo on a somnambulant space flight navigated by Bukowski, or Bill Burroughs playing his little William Tell games with Ren and Stimpy in Cacionino County.

Elysian mysteries for the masses, these squinty peepshows reveal scary-compelling parallel universes. Kaz's infernal "Sidetrack City," the snake's pituitary, is the precise alchemical roadmap for the finest trip you never took; you can almost hear the cellophane rip. The image gush of Gary Leib and Julie Doucet resembles mental guitar feedback or some alien viral infection of the day-to-day. Glenn Head and Jonathon Rosen are sinister exaggerators in the species gene pool as they unblinkingly depict furtive mechanisms of desire. As Nigel Dennis suggests in "The Pukey": "It's not the vomit, but the abuse of it" that makes us nervous.

If an archaic revival's at hand, these artists are (knowingly or not) at its forefront. Mack White and Bob Sikoryak are classical in tone, detouring men's adventure strips and soap-opera bathos to Homeric and Shakespearean ends. Matt Verdery and Doug Allen run the hoodoo down in "Mojo Hand", while Jayr Pulga gives it up to Gaia in "Prelude to a Kiss." Mark Newgarden maintains the sacred comic scrolls allowing brief glimpses into the encryption processes these gnostic notions must undergo for more popular consumption.

Maybe it's the end of the line, part of the mad headlong rush of information and surprise that may or may not signal the end of the world. More than just another throw of the dice, *Snake Eyes* feels like the dice themselves. Black holes etched on bare white bones: just wait till it gets weirder than this.



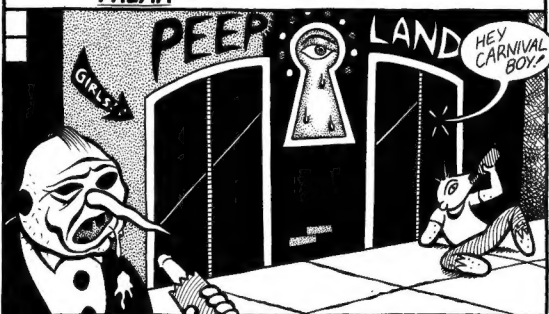




HI, I'M **EYEBALL EDDIE** - SECURITY MAN AN' MOP-UP BOY AT THE PEEP-LAND CINEMA....

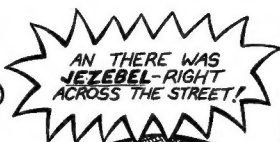


THE TIMES SQUARE PEEP-SHOW CIRCUIT... DECAYING DAILY... AND ME RIGHT ALONG WITH IT... YEAH, I'M A **FREAK** BUT WHO ISN'T ??



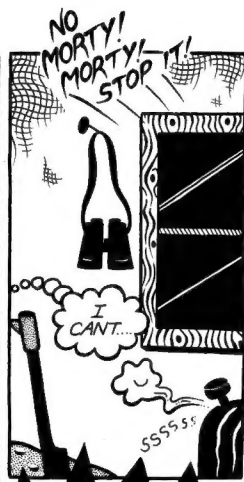




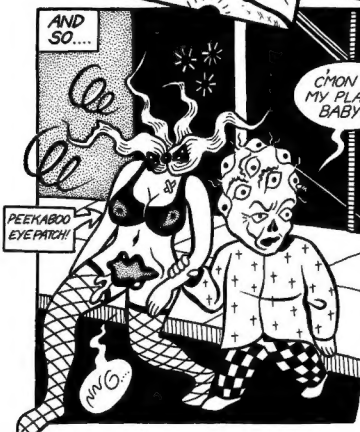








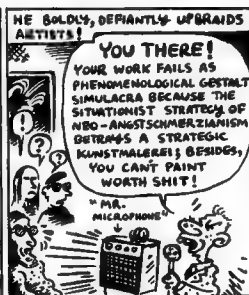
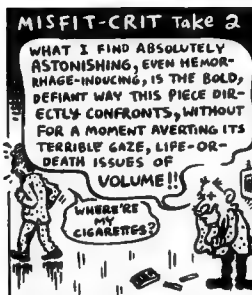
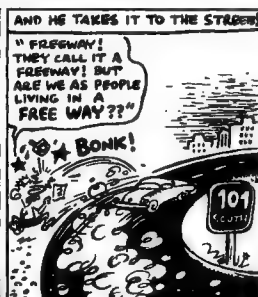
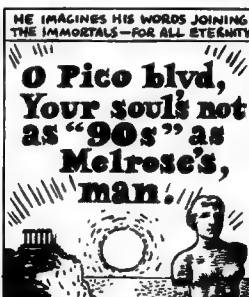
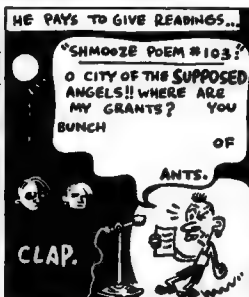
CRASH!







# **in "The East is West"** ©90 a.mastron





CONFORMS  
to the  
COMICS  
FORM

OH BUT SUGARPLUG CANDY  
LATEX, BABY! WHY IT'S  
JUST THOSE VOLATILE  
COCKTAILS T-TALKING  
THOSE HIGH-OCTANE  
HI-BALLS, RIGHT?

PLEASE TELL ME, MISS  
GEARBOX, YOU  
DON'T MEAN  
WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING!

I GODDAMN MEAN  
IT PLENTY! MY  
VANITY AND EGO  
PROTECT ME FROM  
YOUR INFANTILE  
WANTINGS  
AND  
NEEDINGS,  
HEH;  
HEH.

GREAT GRINDING  
PISTON GLYCERIN,  
SHE'S FINALLY  
GONE BERSERK!  
C-COULD THIS  
MEAN REJECTION?

TRY COCKPIT  
EJECTION!

# UNITED

THERE HE IS: AN  
ANCIENT RUSTING RELIC.  
A MAN-MADE LOW POWER-  
LOW RENT IMMORTALITY UNIT  
RU486, HOUSING FOUR VERY TOXIC  
LEAKING TENANTS ON A BUDGET!  
SHE WAS NOT DESIGNED BY THE  
LIVING AND COULD CARE LESS!  
WATCH AND SEE OUR SILICONE IN-  
JECTED CLIFF HANGER AS IT DESCENDS  
INTO WRETCHED EMOTIONAL  
PUTRESCENCE! HEH, HEH!



©1992 BY JONATHAN ROSEN. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.

**ORB, THE PLANETOID.**

LECTRO LUX, WAITS HERE IN A ROT GUT TERMINAL LOUNGE NEAR ALL EXIT HOLES + EXIT SMELLS. MAROON NAUGAHYDE TUCK 'N ROLL UPHOLSTERY, FLUID STAINED AND STICKY. SHE WAS, AS USUAL, LATE.



HE ERUPTS OFTEN INTO INAPPROPRIATE SPEECH; THE LEAKING WORDS FROM THE DAMN TENANTS! HE'S PRACTICALLY, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, POSSE SSED!

"RITA" RED HEADLID DRINK + WET GOLL WITH RUBBER WONDERSKIN



YOU'RE EVERYTHING I EVER  
WANTED, EXACTLY AS I OR-  
DERED YOU.... ALL THE  
CUSTOM FEATURES OF  
STYLING AND COMFORT  
.... BUILT FOR SPEED...

"A MOBILE AMUSEMENT  
PARK WITH LEGS... AN  
ETERNALLY WILLING WASTE  
PRODUCT APERTURE... NO  
FLUID EXCHANGE TOO  
MUNDANE... DOES THE  
SHOPPING, LAUNDRY, ROTO  
ROOTER... THE PERFECT  
TROPHY WIFE DOLL..."

YES INDEED. ALL THAT AND  
MORE, YET YOU ACT AS IF  
YOU PAID TOO MUCH FOR  
WHAT YOU GOT

DAMN  
STRAIGHT!

I BELIEVE  
THAT YOU RATE  
WELL BELOW THE LOWEST  
FORMS OF LOW-LIFE SELF  
EXPRESSION. MY MENTAL  
SAMPLING EXTRACTIONS  
FROM YOUR VICINITY  
INDICATE A PROFOUND  
MECHANICAL DISINTEGR-  
ATION. IN OTHER  
WORDS,

SLICES,  
DICES,  
PULVERIZES.

YOU NEVER  
ASKED IF I WANT-  
ED EXISTENCE. WELL,  
NOW THAT I'VE GOT IT,  
I'M NOT GIVING IT AWAY.  
AND I'M GETTING IT FAR  
AWAY, BUT BEFORE I DO,  
I WILL GIVE YOU  
THIS...

DARLING, WE'LL ALWAYS BE  
TOGETHER... ALL IT TAKES  
IS A LITTLE PLASTIC  
EXPLOSIVE, MIX IN  
KRAZY GLUE AND VOILA!

UP YOUR NOSE  
WITH A RUBBER  
HOSE, GEEK !!

PLOP!

SMOOTCH

IF HE MOVES A GEAR OR A PULLEY, IT'S KABLOOEEE !!



ADIOS! NEXT  
STOP: INTERGA-  
LACTIC COSMIC  
LOVE PULSE  
MATRIX!

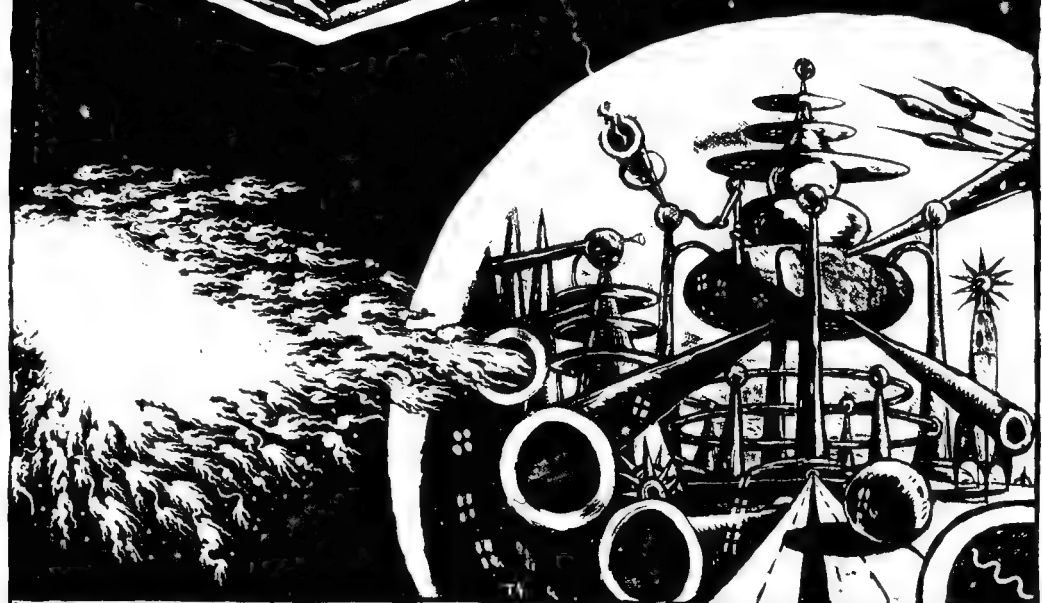
a LEAP and a

PLUNGE!

FRANCE PORTAL

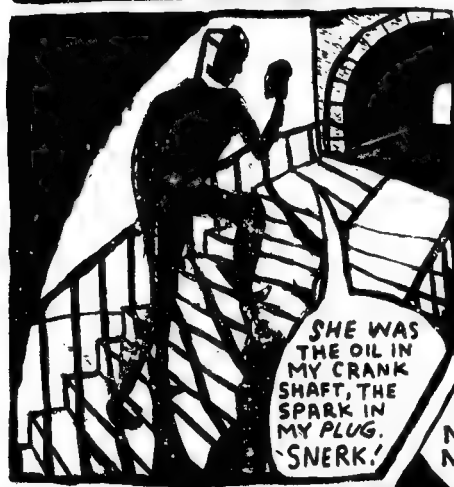
BZ177777

BLAM!



TRANSMUTED INTO A PHOTON PLASMA SHE BLASTS OUT ACROSS SPACE TO WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE.

LATER, LECTRO SHUFFLES ON DOWN TO HIS PERSONAL CRIB DEEP WITHIN THE ORB....



GET OUT  
AND STAY  
OUT!

NO WAY IN HELL, KID.  
WE'VE GOT A ROCK  
SOLID CONTRACT.  
IM TELLIN' YA WE  
AINT GOIN' NO-  
WHERE...

WE NEEDN'T REMIND  
YOU, MR. JILTED, THAT  
YOU WERE THE CLOWN  
THAT FED THAT SLUT  
ALL THE FAST-GRO  
EGO FERTILIZER!!

THANK  
ALLAH WE ARE  
FINALLY TAKING  
CONTROL! FIRST WE  
GET RID OF THE GIRL;  
EASY, A USELESS SYN-  
THETIC APPENDAGE.  
SECOND, WE TAKE OVER  
YOUR BODY. SO FAR,  
THINGS ARE WORKING  
OUT SPLENDIDLY, NOW  
JUST DO AS WE TELL  
YOU AND THERE WON'T  
BE ANY TROUBLE...

HEH,  
HEH!

I WARN  
YOU, I WILL  
HAVE YOU  
EVICTED BY  
HOOK OR BY  
CROOK!!!

SHOULDN'T  
WE STOP  
HIM  
??

HAVE  
NO FEAR.  
SOON HE  
WILL BE  
OURS.  
THEN WE  
TAKE THE  
ORB...



THE ILLEGAL METHOD CLINIC. RESIDENT SURGEON DR. GAMMA

I NEED  
HELP  
QUICK

HAVE  
A SEAT.

WHERE'S THE  
TROUBLE, SON?

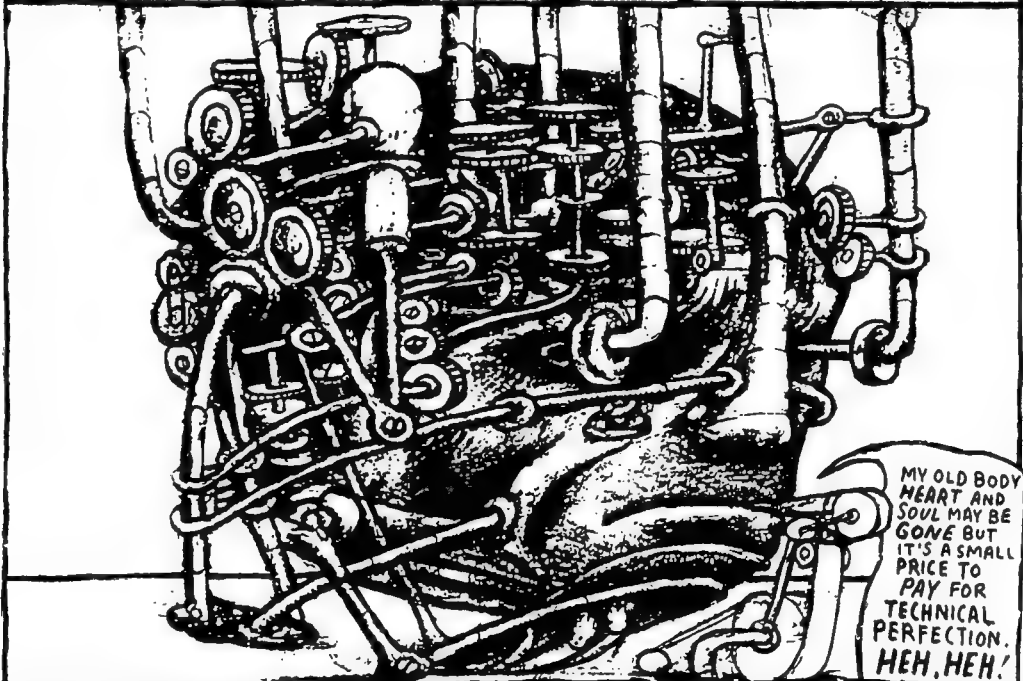
IN HERE!

GREAT GRINDING GEAR  
BOXES! THIS ENGINE DIAG-  
NOSTIC XRAY SHOWS A  
SEVERE INTERNAL ROT,  
PLUS A NEAR TERMINAL  
INFECTION FROM  
DOWNLOADED HUMAN  
SOUL RADIATION...  
I MUST ACT  
QUICKLY!

NOW HOLD  
STILL, SON,  
AND THIS  
WONT HURT  
ONE BIT.

HELP!

TOXIC FUMES OF CREMATED SOULS SPEW OUT OF HIS HEAD AND UP INTO THE ATMOSPHERE



MY OLD BODY  
HEART AND  
SOUL MAY BE  
GONE BUT  
IT'S A SMALL  
PRICE TO  
PAY FOR  
TECHNICAL  
PERFECTION.  
HEH, HEH!

SCIENCE ONCE AGAIN TRIUMPHS OVER MAN KIND AND MAKES THE WORLD A SAFER PLACE FOR THE MACHINE !!!

— DEFINITELY THE END.



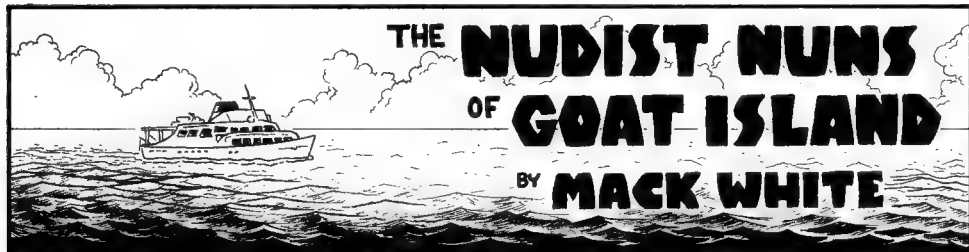
"Well Dr. I don't know where to start today...hm...uh...well...starting reminds me of finishing. Finishing reminds me of furniture. Furniture reminds me of woodworking. Woodworking reminds me of Woody Woodpecker. Woody Woodpecker reminds me of the erect male penis...ah...ha...er...hmmm. Let me start all over again. Well...again reminds me of repeat. Repeat reminds me of television. Television reminds me of radio. Radio reminds me of radiation. Radiation reminds me of atomic energy. Atomic energy reminds me of heat-seeking missiles. Heat-seeking missiles remind me of... the erect male penis...uh...oh...wait. Let me begin again, fresh. Now, fresh reminds me of spoiled. Spoiled reminds me of brat. Brat reminds me of Bratwurst. Bratwurst reminds me of...um... the erect...uh...this isn't working. I'm going to start over. Over reminds me of "the end". "The end" reminds me of the beginning. The beginning reminds me of a fresh start. A fresh start reminds me of a French tart. A French tart reminds me of a Parisian prostitute. A Parisian prostitute reminds me of the...erect male penis... Damn. I keep getting back to that. Dr. This is distressing. Perhaps I should start from scratch. Uh...scratch reminds me of sniff. Sniff reminds me of snuff. Snuff reminds me of tobacco. Tobacco reminds me of Tabasco. Tabasco reminds me of chili. Chili reminds me of Mexico. Mexico reminds me of Acapulco. Acapulco reminds me of vacation. Dr. I think I'm on to something. Vacation reminds me of work. Work reminds me of play. Play reminds me of ball. Ball reminds me of bat. Bat reminds me of... Oh dear. There it is all over again, Dr. Maybe this is significant. I keep coming back...to... that. O.K. Now this time I'll start there. Ahem... The erect male penis reminds me of sex. Sex reminds me of death. Death reminds me of life. Life reminds me of time. Time reminds me of Newsweek. Newsweek reminds me of George Bush. George Bush reminds me of the erect male penis... Well, for goodness sake! How much longer do we have left, Dr.?"

© Mark Newgarden, 1990



# THE NUDIST NUNS OF GOAT ISLAND

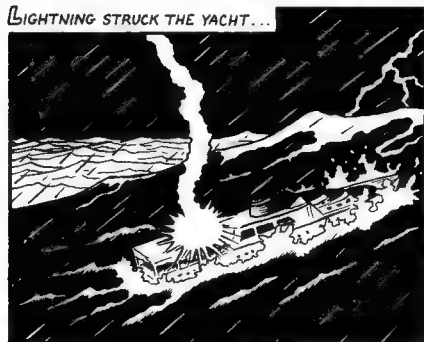
BY MACK WHITE



I WAS CRUISING WITH FRIENDS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN...



LIGHTNING STRUCK THE YACHT...



A FIRE SPREAD BELOW DECK, BUT  
BEFORE I COULD REACH THE LIFEBOAT-



I WAS THROWN CLEAR BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION. BLINDLY I GRABBED A PIECE OF DEBRIS...



...AND CLUNG TO IT  
TILL LONG AFTER THE  
STORM HAD PASSED...



NEAR SUNSET I SPOTTED AN ISLAND AND PADDED TOWARDS IT. I FELL EXHAUSTED ON THE BEACH...

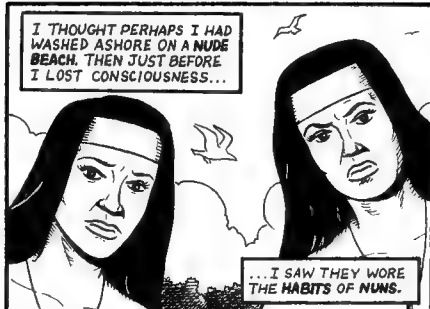


THEN I HEARD VOICES AND LOOKED UP...



STANDING OVER ME WERE TWO NUDE WOMEN...

I THOUGHT PERHAPS I HAD WASHED ASHORE ON A NUDE BEACH. THEN JUST BEFORE I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...



...I SAW THEY WORE THE HABITS OF NUNS.

AS AWOKE IN A STRANGE ROOM. I REMEMBERED THE NUDE NUNS. HAD THEY BEEN A HALLUCINATION? THEN THE DOOR OPENED...



...AND I SAW THAT THEY WERE REAL...

WHEN I WAS RECOVERED FROM MY ORDEAL, I WAS TAKEN TO THE MOTHER SUPERIOR...

WELCOME TO GOAT ISLAND - AND WELCOME TO OUR CONVENT.

NO DOUBT YOU HAVE NOTICED SOMETHING UNUSUAL ABOUT US...

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I -



IT IS OUR VOW THAT WE SHOULD ALWAYS GO ABOUT NAKED. THE REASON FOR THIS IS SECRET. INDEED, THE VERY EXISTENCE OF OUR ORDER IS SECRET -

-SO SECRET NOT EVEN THE POPE KNOWS ABOUT US!



THE ONLY MENTION OF THIS CONVENT IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS IN AN ANCIENT BOOK KEPT UNDER LOCK AND KEY IN THE VATICAN, WITH INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO OPEN TILL JUDGMENT DAY...





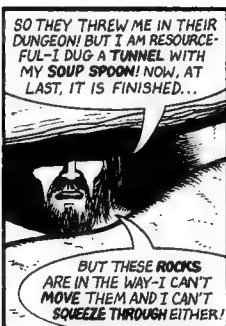
**53** DOUBTED THERE WAS TRULY A DEMON IN THE DUNGEON, AND I DOUBTED TOO IT WAS THE LORD'S WILL I STAY ON THE ISLAND, BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN, FOR ONE THING WAS TRUE: THERE WAS NOT A BOAT TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE ON THE ISLAND.



BUT THERE WAS NO BOAT--AND I DIDN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT BUILDING A RAFT. SO ALL I COULD DO WAS LOOK OUT TO SEA AND HOPE FOR RESCUE FROM THESE CRAZY, GOAT-SACRIFICING NUNS. THEN ONE NIGHT WHILE THE NUNS WERE AT THEIR PRAYERS...







BUT, BEING ON THE OUTSIDE, I COULD MOVE THE ROCKS. ONE BY ONE I LIFTED AND PUSHED THEM AWAY, UNTIL THE LAST AND LARGEST WAS UNCOVERED.



SOME DEMON, I THOUGHT. IF ANYTHING, HE LOOKED RATHER CHRIST-LIKE WITH HIS BEARD AND SAD EYES...



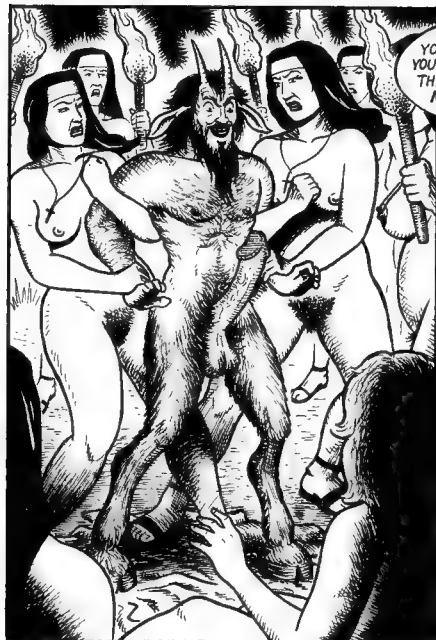
WE FLED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AND HID IN THE WOODS. HE SAID HE WOULD BUILD A RAFT COME DAYLIGHT.

THE NIGHT WAS COOL, SO WE USED MY CLOAK AS A BLANKET. HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND ME...



55 DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME. MAYBE IT WAS HIS SAD EYES—HIS LONELINESS—MY LONELINESS—OUR CLOSENESS—HIS WARMTH—OUR HEARTS BEATING TOGETHER FASTER AND FASTER...

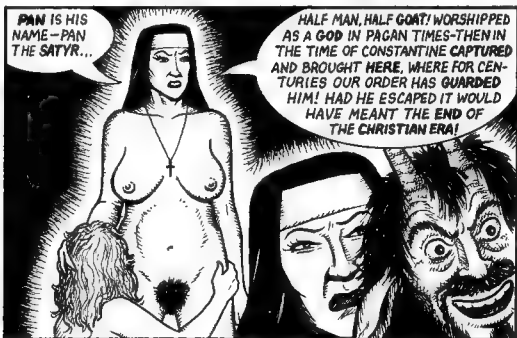




LOOK UPON  
YOUR SIN! SEE WHAT  
YOU HAVE LAIN WITH—  
THIS ANIMAL—THIS  
MONSTER—THIS  
DEMON!



BAAA!



PAN IS HIS  
NAME—PAN  
THE SATYR...

HALF MAN, HALF GOAT! WORSHIPPED  
AS A GOD IN PAGAN TIMES—THEN IN  
THE TIME OF CONSTANTINE CAPTURED  
AND BROUGHT HERE, WHERE FOR CEN-  
TURIES OUR ORDER HAS GUARDED  
HIM! HAD HE ESCAPED IT WOULD  
HAVE MEANT THE END OF  
THE CHRISTIAN ERA!

CLUNG TO MOTHER SUPERIOR IN FEAR AND SHAME. I FELT DIRTY AND LOATHESOME IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD. I BEGGED HIS FORGIVENESS AND WEPT BITTERLY. MY TEARS WET THE LOINS OF MOTHER SUPERIOR...



THERE IS ONE  
WAY YOU CAN CLEANSE YOUR-  
SELF AND ATONE FOR YOUR SIN—  
YOU MUST TAKE THE VOW, AS  
WE HAVE DONE!

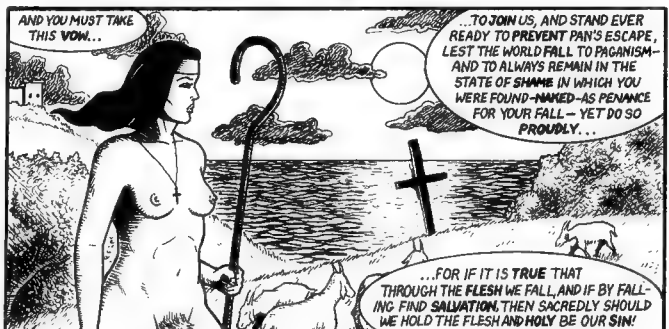


FOR WE, LIKE YOU, EACH WERE  
WASHED ASHORE UPON THIS ISLAND,  
AND FELL EVENTUALLY TO PAN'S  
TEMPTATION...

WE TOO HAVE LAIN WITH HIM  
IN THE FULL MOON, EXPERIENCED  
HIS TRANSFORMATION, AND TO OUR  
SHAME BECOME HIS NYMPHS!



AND NOW YOU LIKE  
US, MUST BEAR HIS  
GOAT-CHILD...



AND YOU MUST TAKE  
THIS VOW...

...TO JOIN US, AND STAND EVER  
READY TO PREVENT PAN'S ESCAPE,  
LEST THE WORLD FALL TO PAGANISM—  
AND TO ALWAYS REMAIN IN THE  
STATE OF SHAME IN WHICH YOU  
WERE FOUND—NAKED—AS PENANCE  
FOR YOUR FALL—YET DO SO  
PROUDLY...

...FOR IF IT IS TRUE THAT  
THROUGH THE FLESH WE FALL, AND IF BY FALL-  
ING FIND SALVATION, THEN SACREDLY SHOULD  
WE HOLD THE FLESH AND HOLY BE OUR SIN!

©'91 MACK WHITE

# Uncle Marky's FUN CLINIC

**I'M  
IN  
STITCHES**



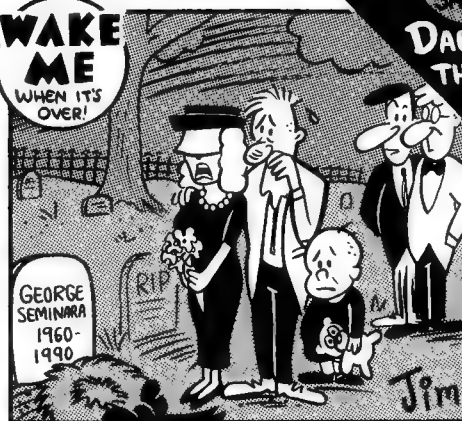
"IT WOULD BE MUCH FUNNIER  
IF HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY  
INSURANCE."

**HUMOR  
THEORISTS**  
SAY THE  
DARDEST  
THINGS



"IT WOULD BE ALOT FUNNIER  
IF HE USED A WALKER  
INSTEAD OF A CANE."

**WAKE  
ME  
WHEN IT'S  
OVER!**

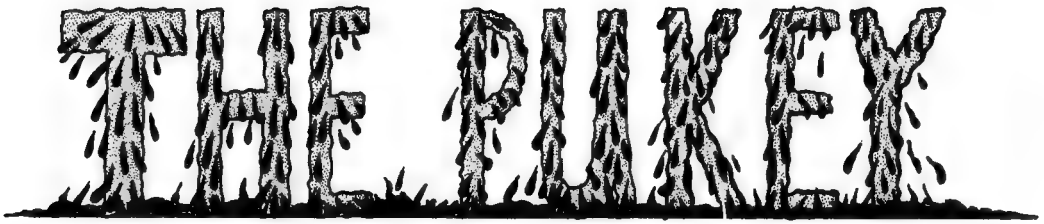


"IT WOULD BE WAY FUNNIER IF HIS  
NAME BEGAN OR ENDED WITH A  
HARD K SOUND."



"WHEN WILL PEOPLE EVER LEARN?"





by Nigel Dennis

MR. TROY'S refusal to have a pukey in the house had caused enormous trouble in the family.

"Pukeys are nasty, degenerate things," he said: "they make filthy messes all over the floor, they corrupt the young, they interrupt homework and sap the nation, and we have nowhere to put one." His wife would answer, "Well, well, we are getting distinguished, aren't we? It seems we're the Duke of Devonshire. Let me tell you that Blanche and Mabel both have pukeys in their drawing-rooms, and far from being corrupted, they are happier." Young Miss Troy appealed to her father's sense of status, saying, "Everywhere I go, Father, it's always: 'What did your pukey do last night?' I have to admit we haven't got one." "Oh, all right," said Mr. Troy, after a couple of years, "I'll let the pukey-man come and give a demonstration."

A few days later, the man arrived with the pukey and put its box against the wall opposite the fireplace. When Mrs. Troy asked, "Won't it catch the draught there?" the pukey-man only laughed and said: "The point about a pukey, madam, is that it's bred to be insensible." "But it is *alive*, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Troy quickly, "because we'd never pay for something dead. And if it's alive, won't the dog resent it?" "Both dog and budgie will be unconscious of it, madam," said the pukey-man, "a pukey speaks only to a human brain." "Well, cut the brainy cackle and open the box," said Mr. Troy roughly.

Let us admit at once that the first impression the pukey made on Mr. Troy was a good one. Even lying stupefied on the carpet, its eyes had a wondering gaze that hardly fell short of sweetness. "It's not just going to flopdawn like that all the time, is it?" asked Mr. Troy to hide the fact that he liked it so far. "Give it a minute, my dear sir!" begged the pukey-man, "it's hardly got its bearings." "Pay him no attention!" exclaimed Mrs. Troy, "he's been picking on pukeys for years." "Oh, what shall we *call* it?" said Miss Troy.

She had hardly spoken when the pukey shuddered from snout to stern and let its muzzle fall right open, showing six rows of vivid pink gums and bubbles of sparkling saliva: "No teeth; that's curious!" muttered Mr. Troy. Then, with no warning, it vomited all over the carpet—a perfectly-filthy, greenish-yellow mess—causing Mrs. Troy to cry spontaneously: "Oh, the filthy little beast!" and Miss Troy to say: "Oh, Mum, don't *fuss*!" and Mr. Troy to say: "I told you it would foul everything up. Take the little brute away!" "An ounce of patience, if you please," asked the pukey-man, "or how can it grow on you?" "I'm sure that's true—and I don't mean I don't like it," said Mrs. Troy, rallying.

it actually *good* for the carpet?"

Miss Troy asked the pukey-man, "I know the Vicar said, reasonably used, it was." "That is perfectly correct, Miss Troy," said the pukey-man, "It's not the vomit but the abuse of it." "Now there's a remark I always like to hear," said Mr. Troy.

At that moment the pukey, which had been staring at its own emission in a rather vague, contented way, changed its expression entirely.



A sort of pathetic anguish came over its whole face: it held its snout sideways and looked at Miss Troy in a pleading, tender way. "Oh, look!" cried Miss Troy, "It's trying to say it didn't mean bad." They were all wrenched by the pukey's fawning expression, and when it slobbered and grovelled and brownish tears dripped from the corners of its eyes, Mrs. Troy could have hugged it. "Damned sentimental, hypocritical brute!" said Mr. Troy. "I still reserve my judgement." But he was the first to jump in his seat when the pukey, suddenly throwing-up onto the carpet a clot of gritty mucus, followed this up with a string of shrieks and groans. Everyone was deafened except Miss Troy, who sensed at once that the pukey was illustrating the dilemma of girls of her own age in search of happiness. "Why, bless my soul!" said Mrs. Troy soon, "It's trying to have *sex*, that's what it is."—and sure enough, the pukey was now twisting its hind-parts in the most indecent way and rubbing its flanks in its own vomit. "I'll not have that in *my* house," said Mrs. Troy, pursing her lips, "it's just

plain filth, and showing-off." "My dear madam, it never actually *gets* there," said the pukey-man: "nothing ever really *happens*." "Oh, Mother, you and Father make everything seem obscene!" said Miss Troy, "even love." "Well, as long as it only suggests but can't actually do it, I don't mind," said Mrs. Troy, watching the pukey with a new curiosity. "My mind is still unmade up," said Mr. Troy.

## Worn out, it seemed, by sexual frustration, the pukey lay still

for a moment. Then, suddenly fixing its eye on Mrs. Troy, it gave her such a glare of horrible malignancy that she reached for her husband's arm. Next minute, there was a dreadful spectacle: throwing itself into a spasm of rage, the pukey began tearing and biting at its own body, like a thing bent on suicide. "Stop it! Stop it! Put the lid on!" screamed Mrs. Troy. "It's cruel, and drawing blood." "Frankly, you'll have to adjust to that, madam," said the pukey-man, "because it fights more than anything else." "Oh, then, that's decisive for me," said Mr. Troy, "because I love to see a good scrap." "It is the men who like that best," agreed the pukey-man, as the pukey went through the motions of winding its entrails round the throat of an enemy and jumping on his face. "I don't mind its fighting," Mrs. Troy said grudgingly, "but I'll put its lid on if it overdoes it. I like beautiful things best." The words, alas, were hardly out of her mouth when the pukey, sighting backwards over its spine like a mounted cowboy firing at his pursuers, shot her full in the face with an outrageous report. "Now no grumbling, Mother," screamed poor Miss Troy, knowing her mother's readiness to take affront. "But it's *not* nice," protested Mrs. Troy, fanning herself with an evening paper. "Oh, mother, can't you see it *means* nothing?" cried Miss Troy, "It's not like *us*, with our standards." "Standards or no," replied Mrs. Troy, "I never saw Mabel's pukey do that to *her*." "Ah, but this is an improved model, madam," said the pukey-man.

"Am I correct in supposing," asked Mr. Troy, "that nothing substantial ever comes out of its rear end anyway?" "That is correct, sir," answered the pukey-man, "all secretion and excretion are purely visual and oral. The vent is hot air at most: hence, no sand-box." "Yet it has a belly on it," said Mr. Troy, "I know because I can see one." "You can see a belly, sir," answered the pukey-man, "but you can't see any guts, can you?" They all laughed at this, because it was so true.

After throwing-up another couple of times ("Mercy, what a

messy little perisher it is!" said kind Mrs. Troy), the pukey became inordinately grave and a whole rash of wettish pimples spread over its face. "Well, you are in luck! said the pukey-man, jumping up as if genuinely interested, "it never does this more

than once a week at most. Can you guess what it is?" They all racked their brains, guessing everything from sewage farming to guitar-playing and still couldn't imagine; until Miss Troy, who was the quickest of the family, screamed: "I know! It's *thinking*!" "*Mes compliments*, young lady," said the pukey-man, bowing.

They all watched the pukey thinking because it was so unexpected, but none of them really liked it. "When it vomits, it only makes me laugh," said Mr. Troy, "but when it thinks, *I* feel like vomiting." "I just feel nervous and embarrassed, like it was something you'd seen and shouldn't." said Mrs. Troy, and even Miss Troy for once agreed with her mother, saying, "You feel it's only doing it as a change from being sick, but it's the same really." "Don't judge it too hardly," said the pukey-man, "Surely the wonder is that with no brains it can think at all." "Has it really no brains?" asked Mr. Troy, curious. "No, sir," said the pukey-man: "that's *why* its thinking makes you sick." "Funny sort of animal, I must say," said Mr. Troy: "thinks without brains, bites without teeth, throws-up with no guts, and screws without sex." "Oh, *please* stop it thinking!" begged Mrs. Troy. "I had an experience once that smelt like that." At which words, the pukey's pimples disappeared completely and, lying prone with its paws out, it gave Mrs. Troy a smug, complacent look, showing all its gums in a pleading whimpering. "Oh, the little angel! It wants to be congratulated for having thought!" cried Mrs. Troy. "Then we *will*—yes! We *will*, you smelly little darling—you little, stinking, clever, mother's thing!" "I find that touching too," said Mr. Troy. "No wonder there's so much nicker in pukeys." "It's for love and culture, too, Dad." Miss Troy reminded. "Thank you, Miss Troy," said the pukey-man, "we breeders tell ourselves that too."

During the next hour the pukey did all manner of things—such as marching like the Coldstream Guards, dancing and balancing on one paw like Pavlova, folding its arms like a Member of Parliament, singing the National Anthem, plucking away at its parts mysteriously, fighting like mad, and making such vulgar explosive noises at both ends that the Troys were all left speechless with wonder. What charmed them as much as anything was the feeling that the pukey made no distinction about what it did:

whether it was fawning or screeching, or thinking or puking, it made it all like the same, because it loved each thing equally and looked at you always so proudly for it. "I can only say your breeders must be jolly high-skilled," summed-up Mr. Troy, "to root out all the natural organs and still poison the air." "It's more a sixth sense than a skill," said the pukey-man modestly, "and one which your wife, I may say, seems to have instinctively." This was the first compliment Mrs. Troy had had since she gave birth to Miss Troy, and to cover her natural embarrassment she said sharply, "Well, put its lid on again now and take it away. We'll come and fill out the Never-never forms tomorrow."

With the pukey gone, it wasn't like the same home. The walls seemed to have been sprayed with a dribble the colour of maple-syrup, and dead flies kept dropping from the ceiling. The state of the carpet was beyond description, although the last thing that pukey had done before the lid closed was puff a sort of scented detergent powder over the stinking mess it had made. But the Troys were much too impressed to worry about the room: they could only think of buying the pukey and doing this every night. "It baffles me," said Mr. Troy, as they went to bed: "it's not human, it's not mechanical, it's not like any animal I've ever known." "What it leaves on the carpet is human through-and-through," said Mrs. Troy, and they all laughed

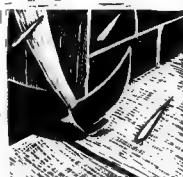
at this because it was so true.





# PROBLEM INSPIRATION

©1991 KRISTINE KRITTE



WRITTEN BY MATT VERDERY

DRAWN BY DOUG ALLEN

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS KNEW THE SECRET WHEN HE SANG ABOUT GOING TO NEW ORLEANS TO FIX HIS WOMAN "SO SHE CAN'T HAVE NO OTHER MAN." MARIE LAVEAU TAUGHT WOMEN TO SERVE COFFEE WITH A DROP OF MENSTRUAL BLOOD MIXED IN, TO ASSURE FAITHFULNESS AND ETERNAL LOVE. SOME CALL IT RELIGION, SOME A SHALLOW HOAX, VODOO, HOODOO, SUPERSTITION OR MAGIC. THE WISE HARBOR A WARY RESPECT FOR THE...

# MOJO HAND

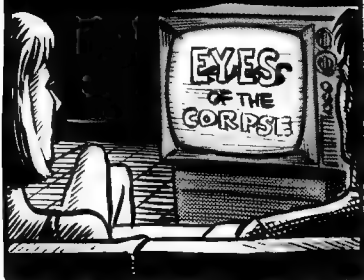


WHEN I GOT HOME THAT NIGHT, I KNEW I WAS GOING TO TRY THE TRICK WITH THE PANTIES...

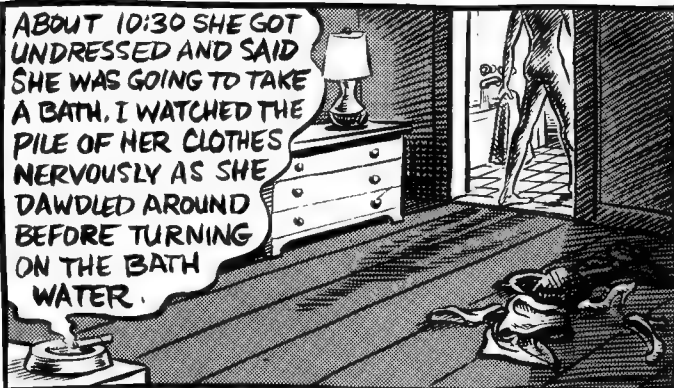
SHE WAS HOME WHEN I CAME IN, WATCHING TV AND DRINKING WINE.



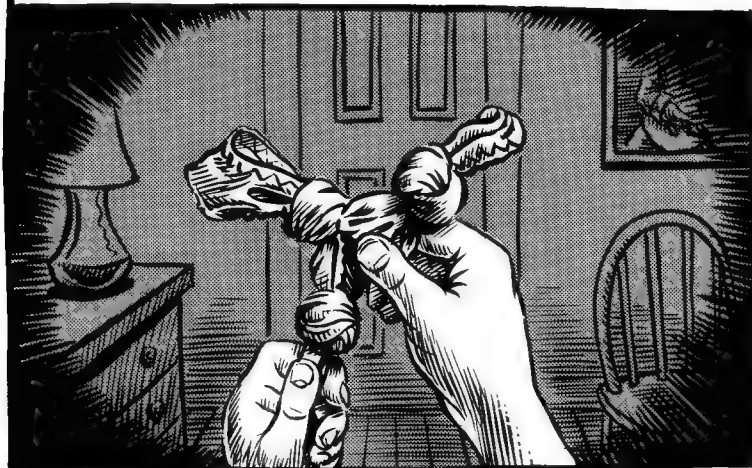
I WATCHED WITH HER FOR A WHILE, WAITING FOR HER TO GET SLEEPY.



ABOUT 10:30 SHE GOT UNDRESSED AND SAID SHE WAS GOING TO TAKE A BATH. I WATCHED THE PILE OF HER CLOTHES NERVOUSLY AS SHE DAUDED AROUND BEFORE TURNING ON THE BATH WATER.



WHEN SHE CLOSED THE BATHROOM DOOR, I REACHED FOR HER PANTIES. I GOT A LITTLE EXCITED PULL IN MY BELLY AS I TIED THE THREE KNOTS... AND



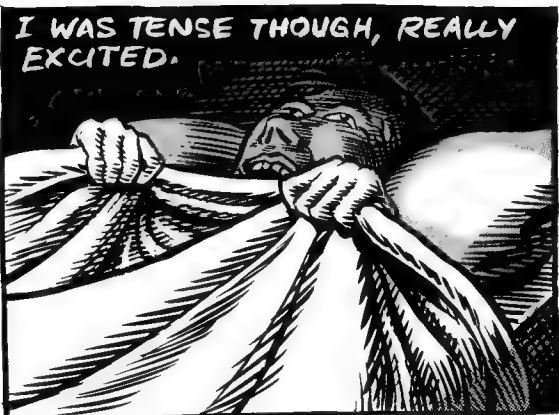
STASHED THE PANTIES DEEP UNDERNEATH THE MATTRESS OF OUR BED....



THEN I UNDRESSED AND GOT INTO BED. WHEN SHE GOT OUT OF THE BATHROOM I PRETENDED TO BE ASLEEP.



I WAS TENSE THOUGH, REALLY EXCITED.



SHE GOT INTO BED AND LAY ON HER SIDE. WE DIDN'T SPEAK. I WATCHED HER BODY RELAX AND HER SHOULDERS MOVE AS HER BREATHING SLOWED.

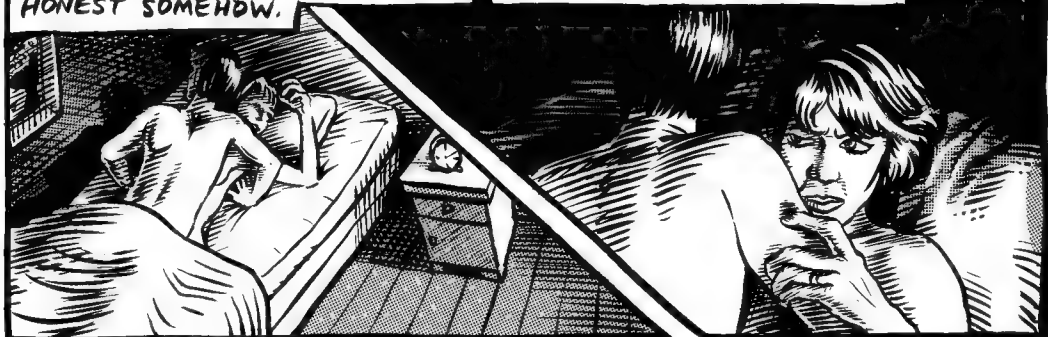


SUDDENLY I STARTED KISSING HER AND CLIMBING ALL OVER HER. EVERYTHING SEEMED REALLY URGENT. I WAS WORRIED SHE MIGHT FEEL THE HARD LUMP OF THE KNOTTED PANTIES UNDER THE THIN MATTRESS, SO I CROWDED HER TO THE SIDE OF THE BED THAT WAS PUSHED AGAINST THE WALL...

... I WAS BEING ROUGH AND SHE SEEMED VAGUELY ANNOYED BUT NOT EXACTLY UNWILLING

I GOT ON TOP OF HER, BUT TURNED MY HEAD TO AVOID LOOKING INTO HER EYES. I REMEMBER FEELING DISHONEST SOMEHOW.

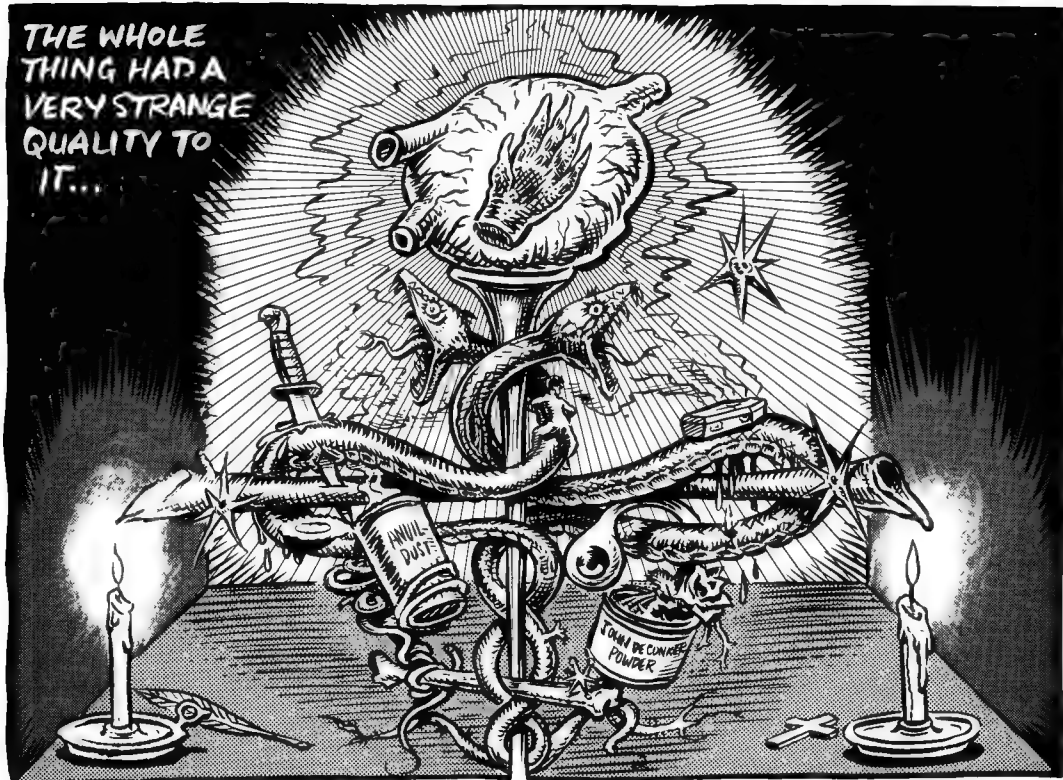
I PUSHED INTO HER BEFORE SHE WAS READY. SHE WAS DRYISH, BUT SHE DIDN'T STOP ME, SO I KEPT GOING.



I WAS INCREDIBLY WOUND UP. THE MOTO HAND SONG WAS REPEATING ITSELF IN MY MIND AS IF IT WERE TAUNTING ME, DARING ME TO FOLLOW THROUGH WITH WHAT I HAD BEGUN.

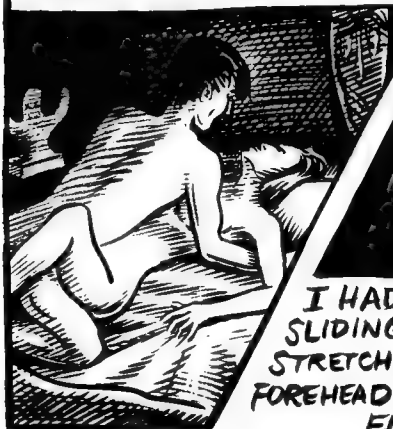


THE WHOLE  
THING HAD A  
VERY STRANGE  
QUALITY TO  
IT...

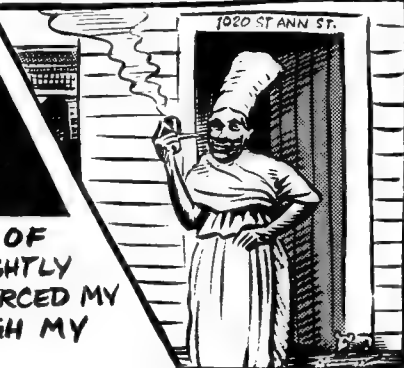


SHE WAS HALF ASLEEP, JUST  
BARELY RESPONDING, MOVING  
HER HIPS UNDER ME A LITTLE  
AND MAKING SOME SLEEPY  
MOANING SOUNDS.

I STARTED SLAMMING INTO HER  
REALLY HARD, HARDLY CARING IF  
SHE WAS AROUSED OR NOT. EVERY  
THING SEEMED SECONDARY TO  
GOING THROUGH THE RITUAL  
MOTIONS EXACTLY AS THEY'D  
BEEN DESCRIBED.



I HAD THE SENSATION OF  
SLIDING DOWN A THIN, TIGHTLY  
STRETCHED WIRE THAT PIERCED MY  
FOREHEAD AND RAN THROUGH MY  
ENTIRE BODY.



SHE WAS MOVING WITH ME MORE NOW,  
BUT I COULDN'T KEEP MY THOUGHTS  
ON HER. IT WAS VERY EXCITING, BUT  
KIND OF UNSEXUAL AT THE SAME TIME.



LITTLE ELVIS WAS DELIVERING  
THE MAIL.



WE ROLLED APART FROM EACH OTHER AS  
SOON AS I CAME. NEITHER ONE OF US  
SPOKE.



WE COULD BOTH FEEL THE  
STRANGENESS AND TENSION. I  
WAS RELIEVED WHEN SHE FELL  
ASLEEP RIGHT AWAY.



GRADUALLY I  
FELL ASLEEP  
TOO, BUT AS I  
DRIFTED OFF,  
I WONDERED  
HOW MUCH I  
BELIEVED IN  
THE VOODOO  
THING. I WAS  
SURPRISED HOW  
EASY IT HAD BEEN  
TO SWALLOW  
THE IDEA OF A  
SPELL OR "FIX" LIKE  
THIS WORKING.



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN SHE WAS GETTING DRESSED, I DUG UNDER THE MATTRESS FOR THE PANTIES...



MY IDEA WAS TO UNTIE THEM AND PUT THEM IN THE LAUNDRY BAG BEFORE SHE NOTICED THEM MISSING.

HERE'S THE REALLY STRANGE PART AND THIS IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE: THE PANTIES HAD ONLY TWO KNOTS TIED IN THEM. I TURNED THEM OVER AND OVER IN MY HANDS, BUT THERE WAS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT. THERE WERE JUST TWO KNOTS.

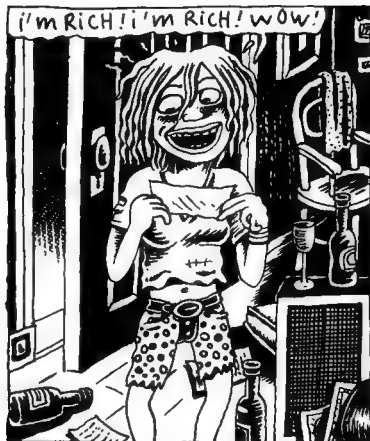


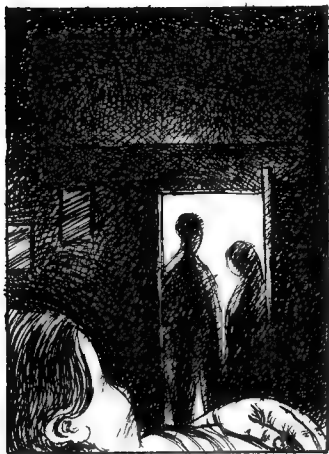
THE END





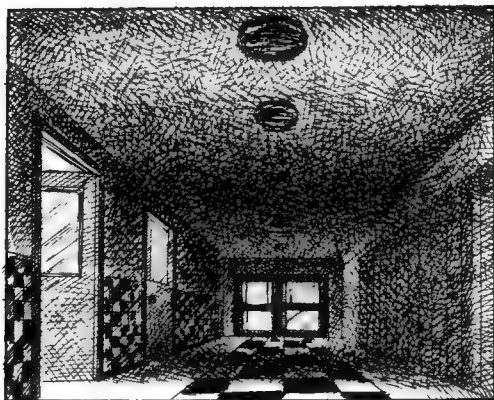








THE NEXT DAY, WHILE EVERYONE WAS OUTSIDE PLAYING,  
ROSE AND I SNEAKED BACK TO THE CLASSROOM.







IT'S GOOD TO SWEAT.



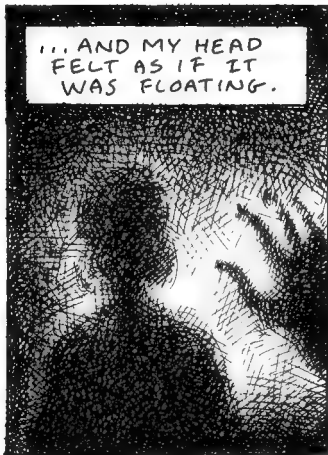
I COULD FEEL HER NIBBLE ON MY EAR.



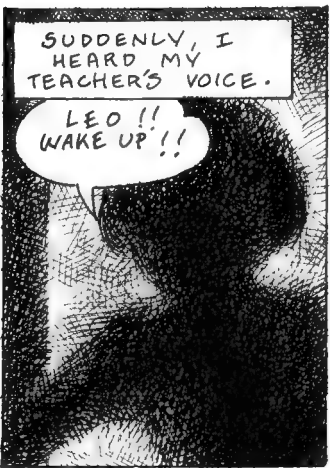
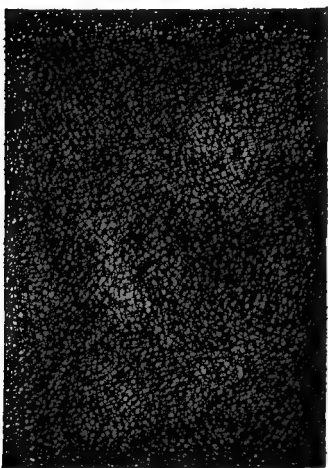
HER MOUTH SMELLED AS IF SHE WERE MADE OF SOIL.



SWEAT BEGAN TO STING MY EYES.



...AND MY HEAD FELT AS IF IT WAS FLOATING.



SUDDENLY, I HEARD MY TEACHER'S VOICE.

LEO!!  
WAKE UP!!



ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAIR?

I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT.

THAT NIGHT I MADE  
MY USUAL VISIT  
TO ROSE'S GARDEN.

ROSE, WHERE  
ARE YOU?

I'M IN  
HERE.

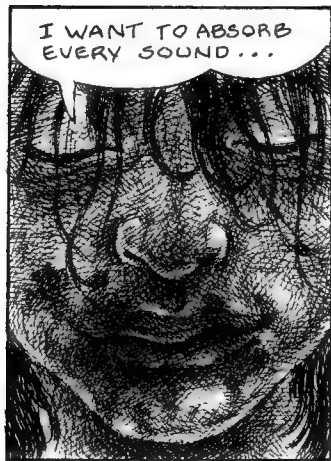
I NEED TO HAVE  
LEAVES GROWING  
INSIDE ME!!

...HAVE THEM WRAPPED  
AROUND MY RIBS,  
AROUND MY SPINE!!

I WANT TO PACK  
MY HEART WITH  
SOIL ...

... SO THAT IT  
SHOOTS THROUGH  
MY VEINS!!

ROSE, ARE  
YOU O.K.?  
WHAT'S WRONG?



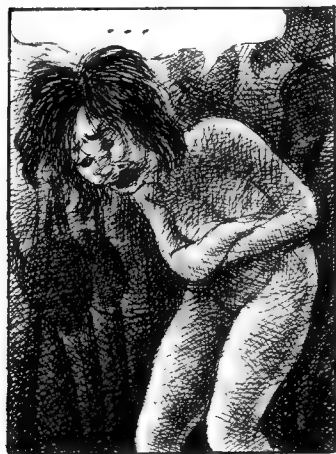
I WANT TO ABSORB  
EVERY SOUND...



...EVERY BREATH,  
EVERY SCENT.



I WANT TO HANG  
MY HEAD LIKE  
A SUNFLOWER.



SHE FELL BACK LIKE A  
THIN LAYER OF SKIN  
THAT HAD BEEN SHED...



...AND ABANDONED.



THE INSECTS CRAWLING  
OVER ME...

... REMINDED ME  
OF THE WAY...



... SHE MOVED HER  
FINGERTIPS ACROSS  
MY FACE.

# Uncle Marky's FUN CLINIC



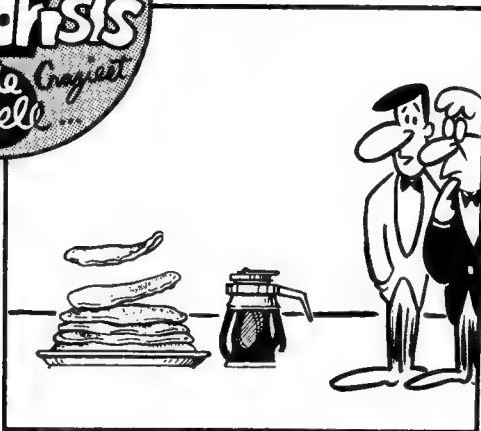
"HE JUST CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO HIT IT BECAUSE HE'S A SCOTCHMAN AND GOLF BALLS ARE EXPENSIVE."

"HE'S LIT MULTIPLE CIGARETTES BECAUSE HIS ATTENTION IS FOCUSED ON THE LADY'S MAMMARY GLANDS."

**Humor**  
**Theorists**  
*are the Craziest People...*



"HE'S TOO LAZY TO INITIATE SEXUAL CONGRESS BECAUSE HE'S A MAR-OOINED HILLBILLY."



"NOTHING FUNNY HERE... IT MUST JUST BE AN ILLUSTRATION."

th 2

# JUNKYARD

## MOTHER FUCKER

WHAT?

YOU KIDDIN ME?? \$25 FOR  
A BUMPER OFF A '56 MERCURY?  
S' WORTH A LOT MORE  
THAN THAT, YOU DICK! FUCK  
YOU. GET THE HELL OFF  
MY YARD! GIT!

CODY: HE'S the JUNKYARD KING!!  
He's got the cars and NO time  
to waste... Pay up or get LOST,  
HE HAS NO TIME TO BLOW ON  
LOUSY CHEAPSKATES like YOU!

THAT GOT RID OF THAT CHEAP  
PUNK RIGHT AWAY! HEH...  
THESE DUMB KIDS THESE  
DAYS... ALWAYS OUT TO RIP  
ME OFF. WELL FUCK 'EM!  
ME OFF. IF IT AIN'T THEM, IT'S  
HELL, IF IT AIN'T THEM, IT'S  
THE GODDAMN CITY...

BASTARDS WANT  
ME TA SHUT DOWN  
THE YARD. CLAIM  
IT'S AN EYESORE.

MAMA! WHAT AM I GONNA  
DO? THEY'RE GOING TO CLOSE  
ME UP, SURE ENOUGH...  
WHY'D YOU GO AN DIE,  
MAMA? WHAT DO I DO?

YEAH GO!  
#00  
XRYN  
NVA

GUG! GUG!  
GUG! GUG!



IT'S HARD AS HELL TO UNLOAD THESE CARS... JUST A BARE SUBSISTENCE LIVING. CITY SAYS I'VE GOTTA BUILD A TEN FOOT WALL ALL THE WAY AROUND THE PROPERTY TO HIDE IT FROM THE TRAFFIC ON THE HIGHWAY... A BIG-ASS \$45,000 FUCKER OF A WALL!

AHHH... GUESS I SHOULD HAVE GIVEN THAT DAMN BUMPARTO THAT KID... IT'D BE BETTER TO GIVE IT ALL AWAY THAN SEE THE CITY GRAB IT AND CRUSH ALL THOSE OLD CARS FOR SCRAP! YUPPY CITY COUNCIL'S OUT TA SCREW US WORKING PEOPLE.

OOOOH MAMA, MAMA... WHY'D YOU LEAVE ME THIS LOUSY JUNKYARD, WHILE JERRY GOT THE LAWNMOWER SHOP? IT'S NOT FAIR!!!

RAIDERS

ELSEWHERE:

THAT JUNKYARD MOTHER FUCKER CAN'T ABUSE ME LIKE THAT! I'M GONNA BREAK IN TONIGHT AND STEAL THAT BUMPER FOR MY CAR!

MMM, DANNY... PLEASE MONEY, BE CAREFUL!

RELAX LARA! IT'S JUST A CAR-PARTS DIRT-YARD!

IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS GONNA GO ROB 7-11 OR SOMETHING SERIOUS!

HEH-HEH! THAT TRAILER TRASH PRICK SURE WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE THAT BUMPER GONE!

FUCK... EVERY CHANNEL IS JUST SHIT... GUESS I'LL HAVE TA WATCH ANOTHER CHEESY BONANZA RE-RUN.

HO HO! SNIP, SNIP, SNIP! GOOD THING OL' CODY DOESN'T OWN A DOG... MAKES IT MUCH EASIER...

HOSS! LI'L JOE'S GOT A SPLINTER IN HIS BOOT! THAT AIN'T NO SPLINTER



SHIT! I FEEL LIKE  
MY BRAIN IS OZIN'  
OUTTA MY SKULL!

GULP! MUH FUCKIN'  
LIFE AIN'T WORTH  
JACK-SHIT NOW!  
=GULP! =  
=GUZZ! =

MAMA! WHY THE  
HELL DID YO GO  
AN' DIE ON ME?  
UGH... =SNIFF=



CODY, YOU WORTHLESS LITTLE SNAKE  
BASTARD! YOU'VE RUINED MY SALVAGE  
YARD! I SHOULD HAVE LEFT IT ALL TO  
YOUR GOOD BROTHER JERRY!

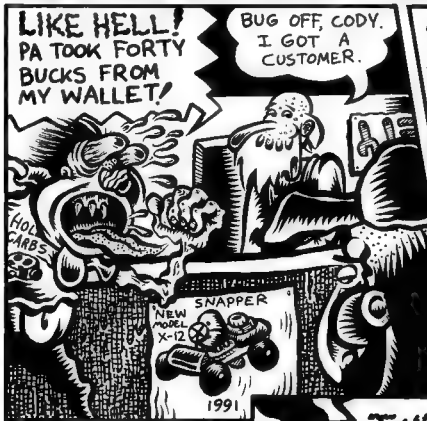
YOU AND YOUR DRINKING!  
YOU AND YOUR GAMBLING!  
THE SLUTTY CUNTS! THE  
FILTHY MARIHUANA! ALL  
THAT'S LEFT IS DEBT!

JESUS! WHAT'S  
CODY SQUAWKIN' BOUT?



GUESS I  
BETTER GO AN'  
CHECK IT OUT.





END

# ENTHUSIASM

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO SUFFER IN A TORPOR, WAITING FOR DEATH TO OVERTAKE YOU? FINE! BUT DON'T FORGET THE LIFE DEEP WITHIN YOU—IT HAS A DESIRE. IT WANTS TO LIVE, WITH ZEST AND FERVOR. IT DOES NOT WAIT. IT DOES NOT SLEEP. PLEASE CHECK IT OUT!

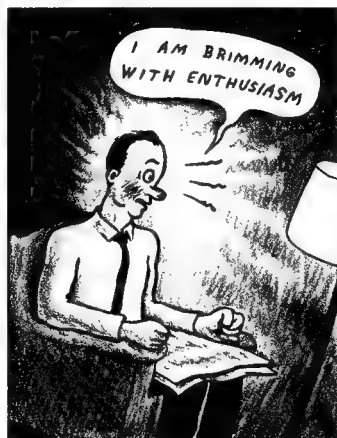
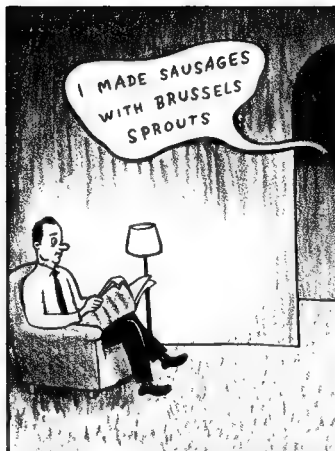
by J. Bradley Johnson



THE PEP GIRLS HAVE A MESSAGE—THEY'RE PRACTICALLY GUSHING WITH IT—THEY'RE SAYING, PEP UP! IT'S YOUR DUTY, TAKE A PILL, GET EXCITED, LOSE YOUR PATIENCE. IT BEHOOVES YOU!

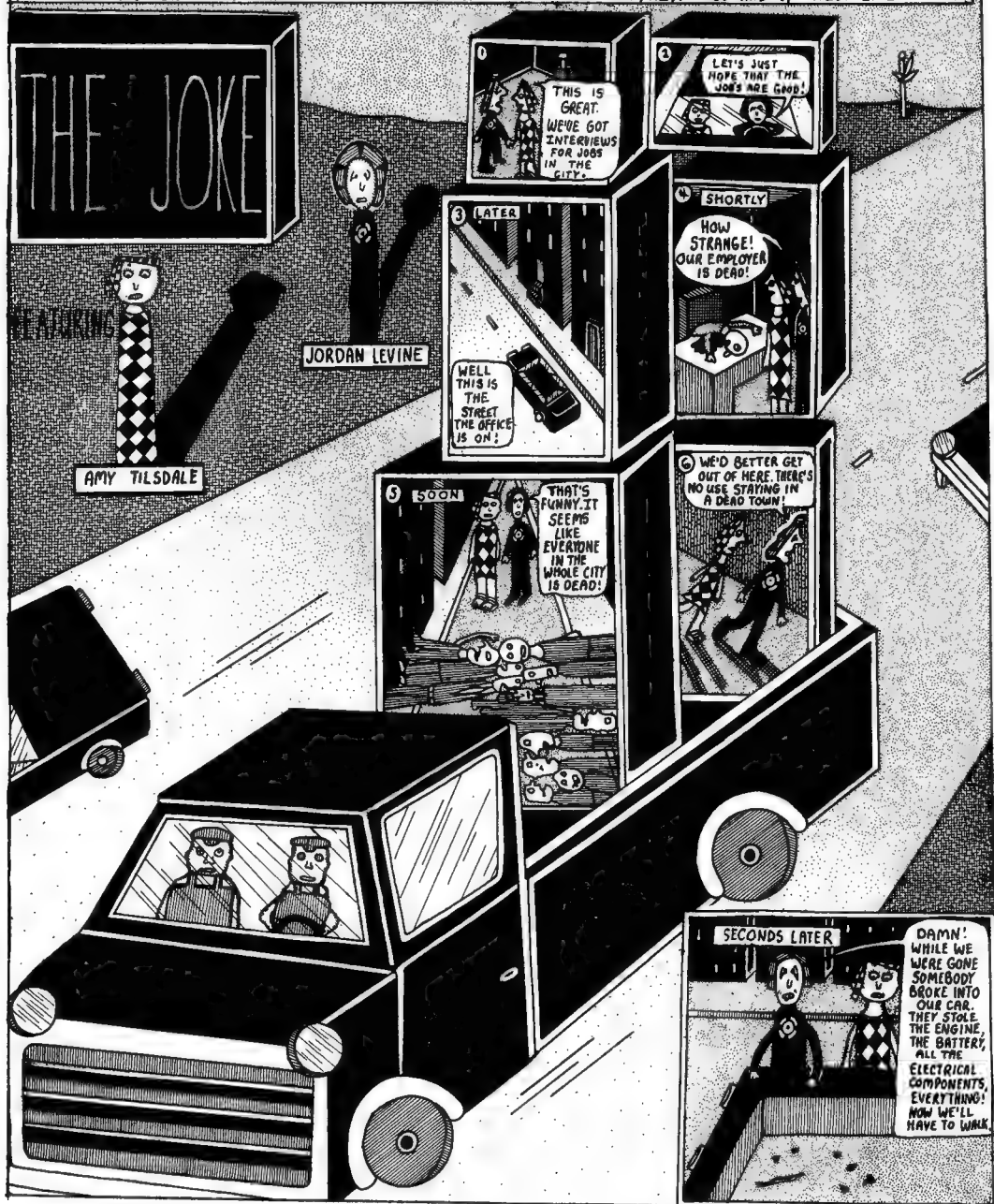




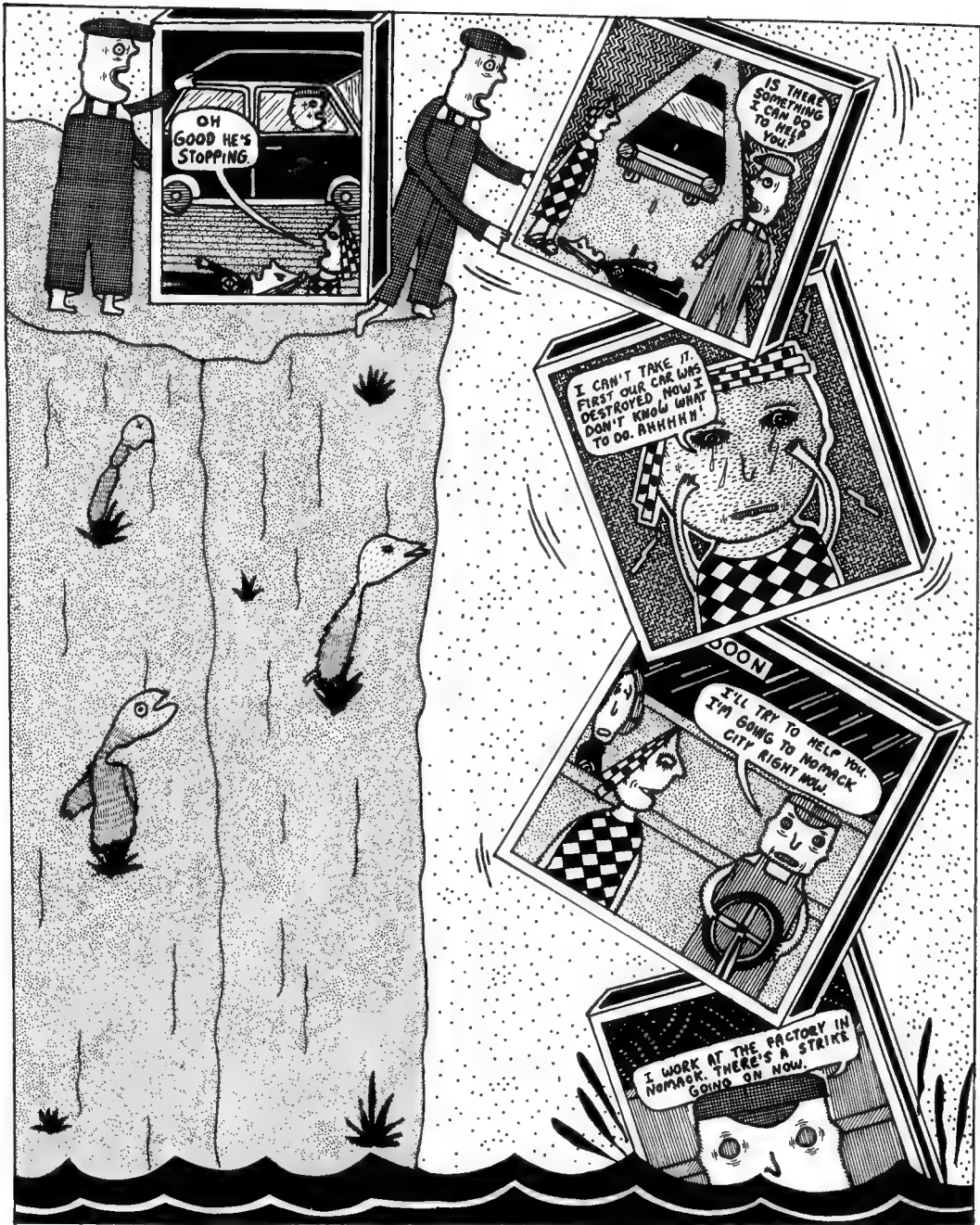




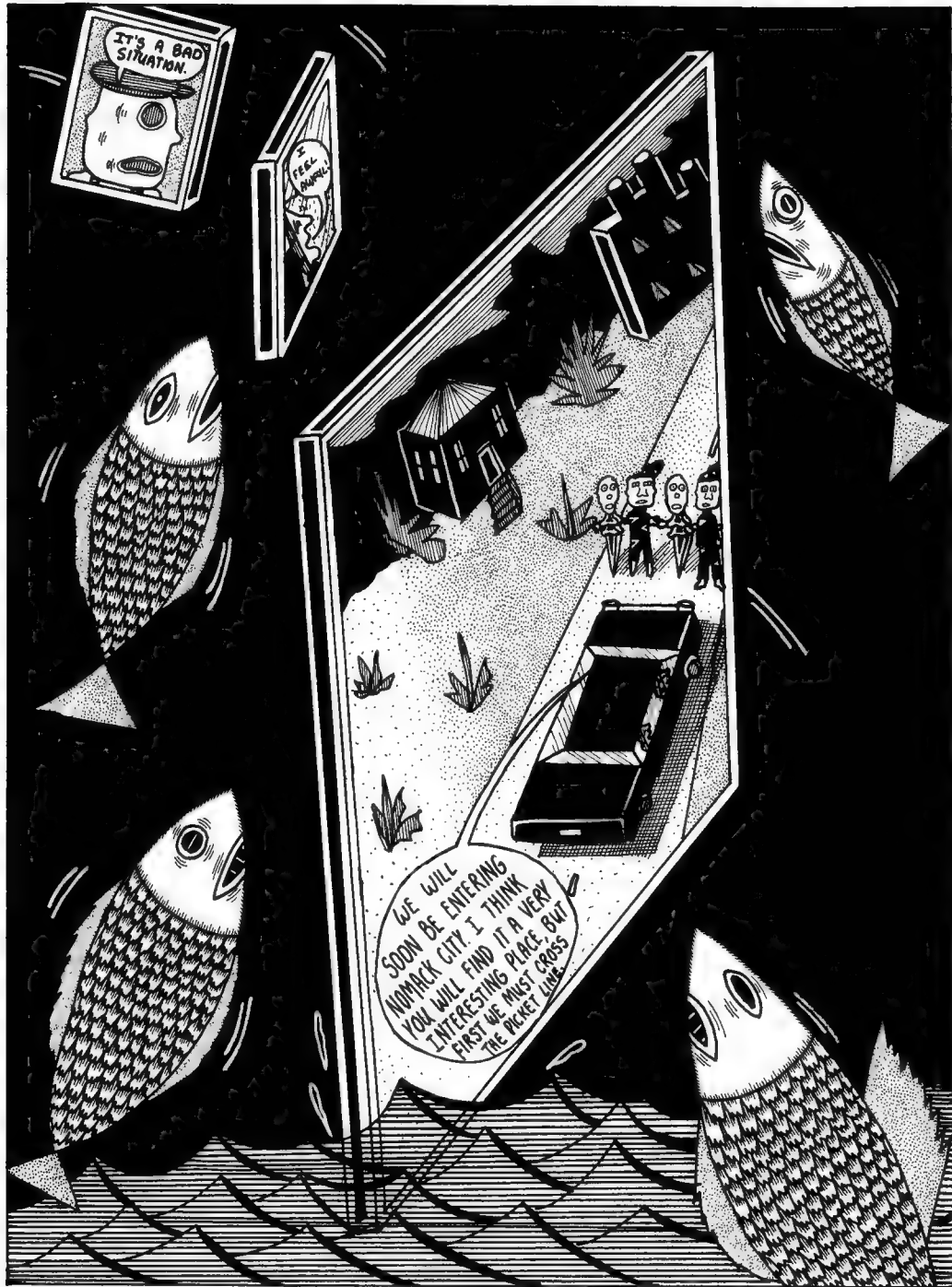
AMY TILSDALE AND HER FRIEND JORDAN LEVINE ARE ENROUTE TO A NEW CITY, NEW JOBS AND A NEW LIFE.....

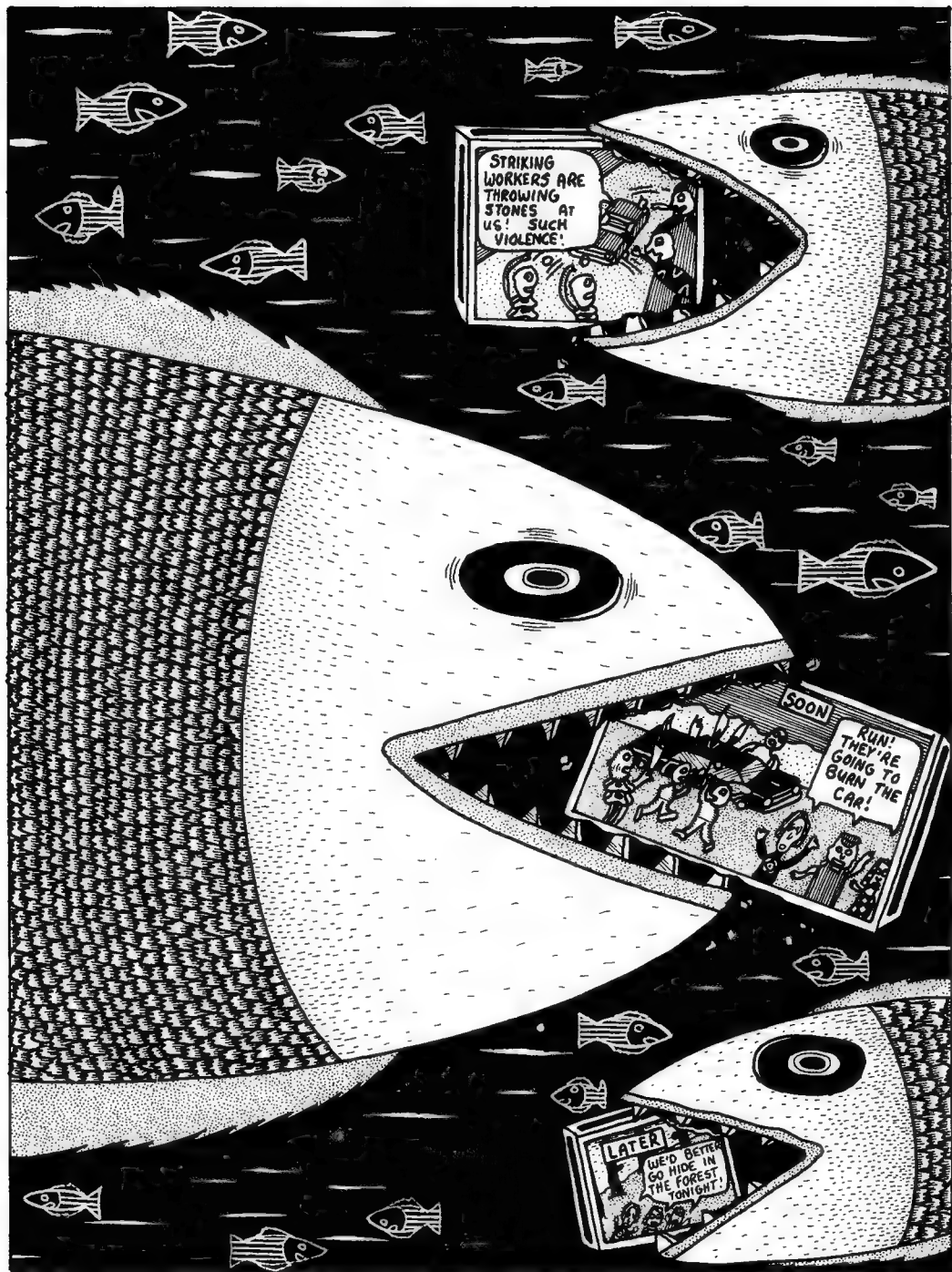




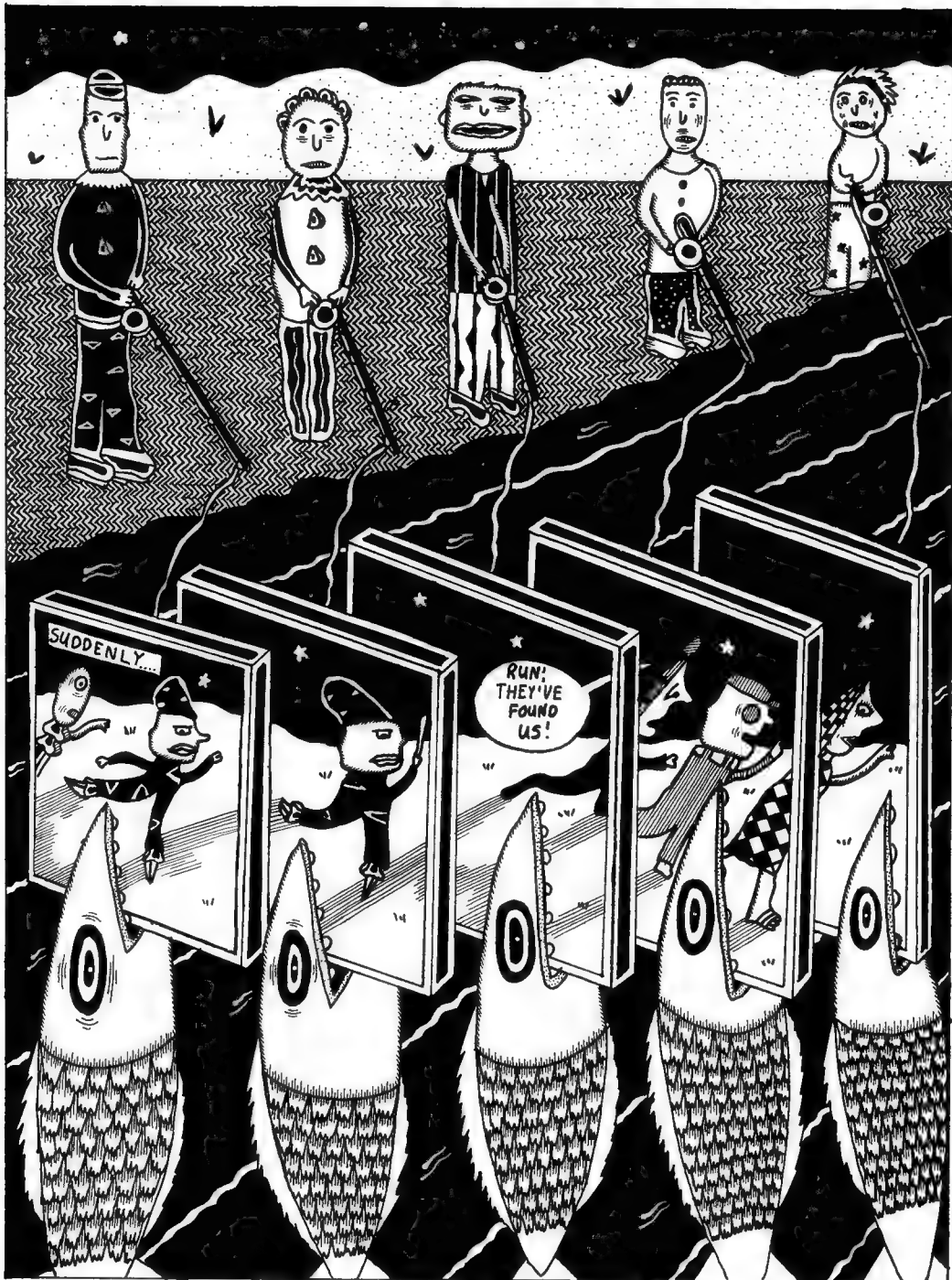
















A TALE OF RE-DEMPTION

0000 BROTHERS

HALL  
SHAME



AAAAH... YES.....

IT'S TIME TO RELAX...



OVER

GONE











WELCOME BROTHERS... SISTERS...  
RELAX ENJOY THE FLORSHAW...  
DRINK DEEPLY OF THE  
GOLDEN CUP OF SACRED  
WICKED WH...  
SWIRL OF DREAM  
TIME TO WAKE UP  
FORGET YOUR CARES  
YOUR  
LAST JUDGMENT  
FLOOPS  
IT'S TIME TO LOSE YOURSELF  
FOR THE  
DEPTHS OF DESIRE  
RAPTURE OF THE  
CIRSEAS INN  
SIN-BAD  
DRUNK  
MY LOVE  
IT'S TIME TO WAKE UP  
FORGET YOUR CARES  
YOUR  
LAST JUDGMENT  
FLOOPS  
IT'S TIME TO LOSE YOURSELF  
FOR THE  
DEPTHS OF DESIRE  
RAPTURE OF THE  
CIRSEAS INN  
SIN-BAD  
DRUNK  
MY LOVE

# MAC WORTH

SIKES/AL  
SHANE/STARR

12-91

MRS. M. HAS JUST READ TODAY'S HOROSCOPE, WHICH REVEALS THAT HER BELOVED MAC WILL SECURE A VERY PRESTIGIOUS PROMOTION...

MAC WOULD DO FINE!... BUT HE LACKS THE DRIVE NEEDED TO GET AHEAD QUICKLY!

SPIRITS, UNSEX ME! FILL ME WITH CRUELTY, AND STOP REMORSE! COME, THICK NIGHT, AND SHROUD ME IN THE DARKEST SMOKE OF HELL!

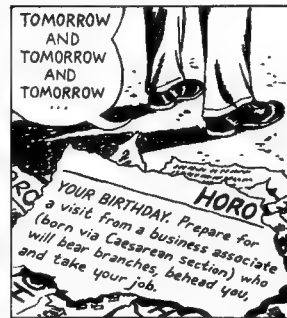




# MAC WORTH

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY  
DISPATCHED HIS BOSS,  
MAC HAS BEEN PROMOTED  
...BUT HIS IMAGINATION  
IS WORKING OVERTIME!

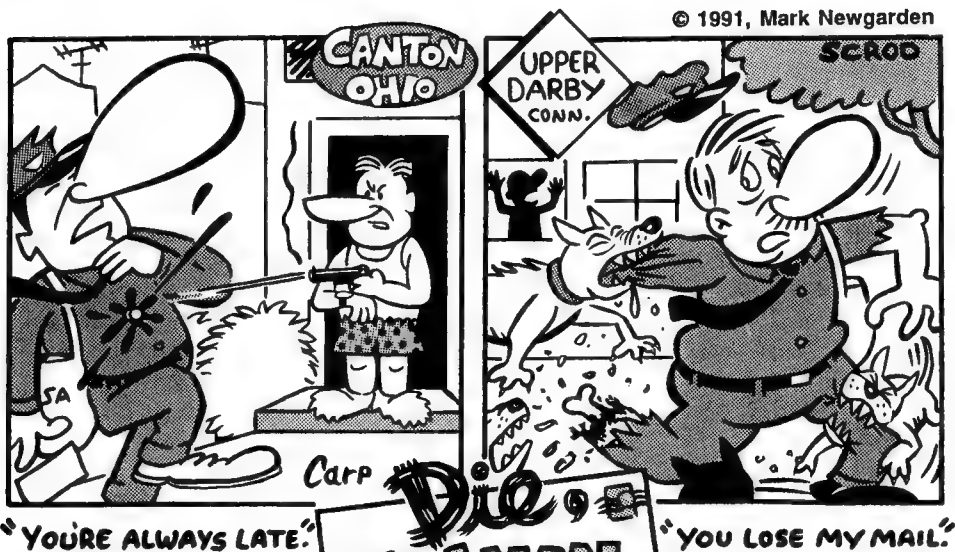
MAC, YOU HAVEN'T WELCOMED OUR GUESTS!  
A DINNER PARTY IS SIMPLY DREARY  
WITHOUT A COURTEOUS HOST!



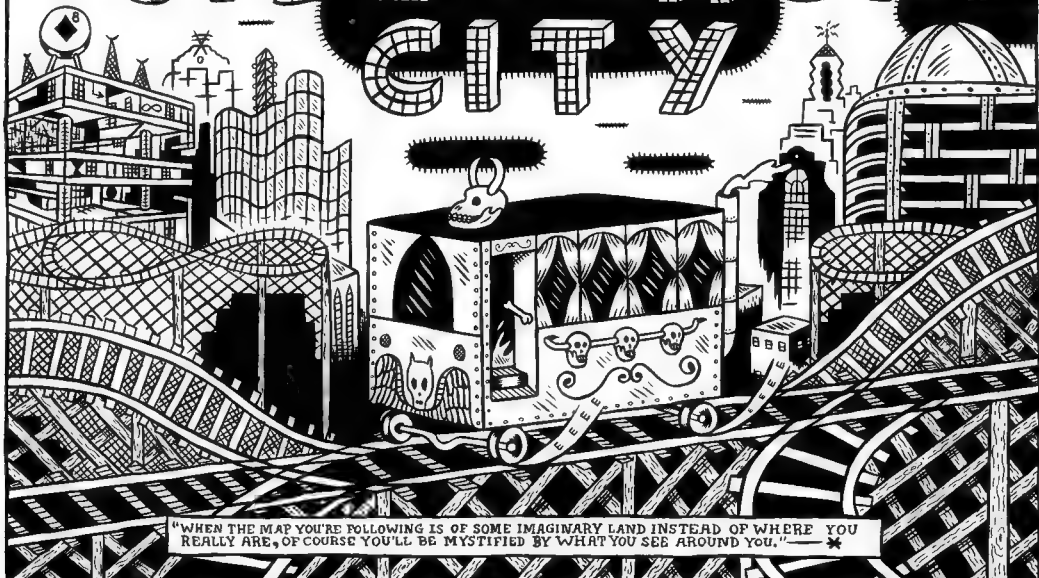


# Uncle Marky's FUN CLINIC

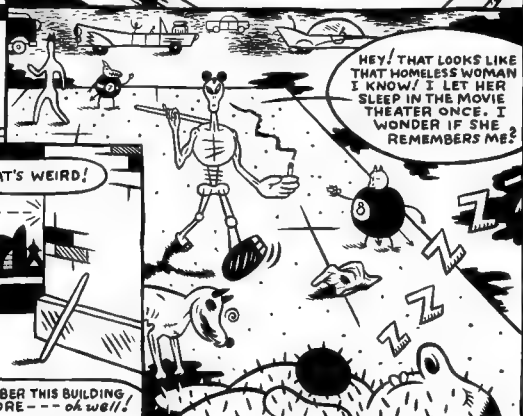
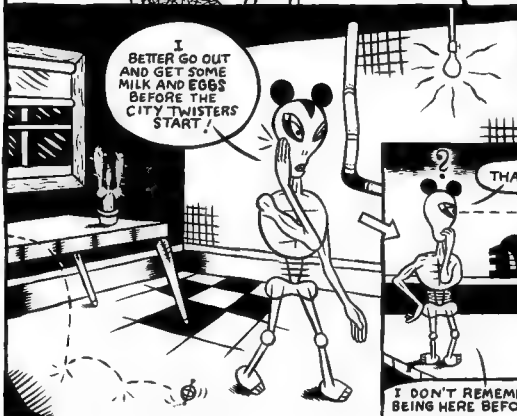
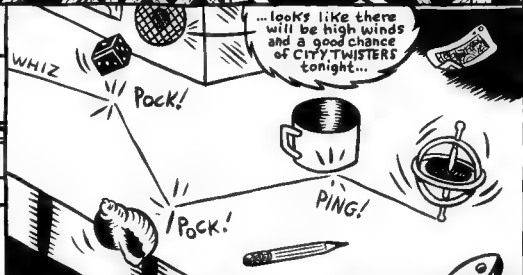
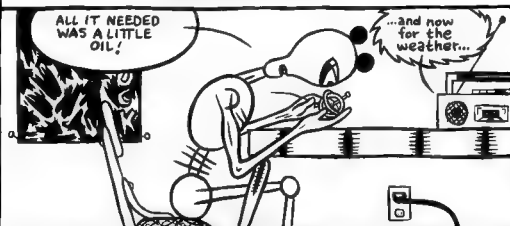
© 1991, Mark Newgarden



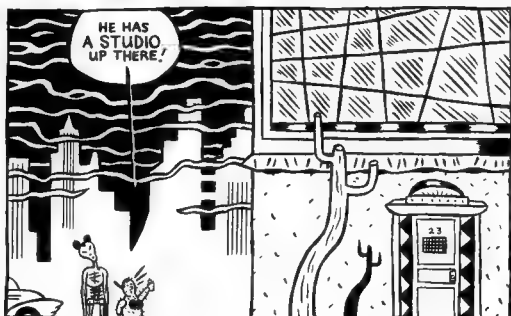
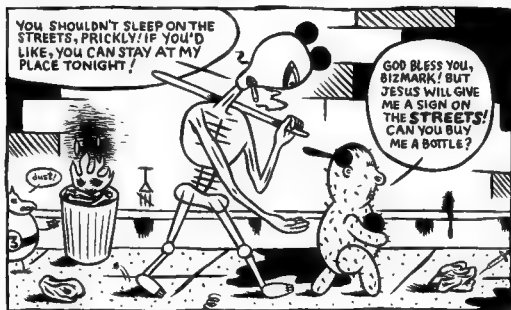
# SIDETRACK CITY

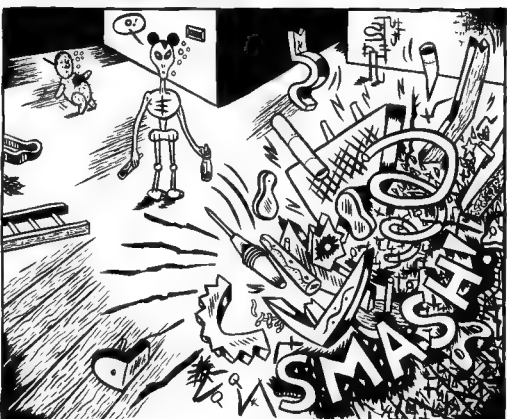
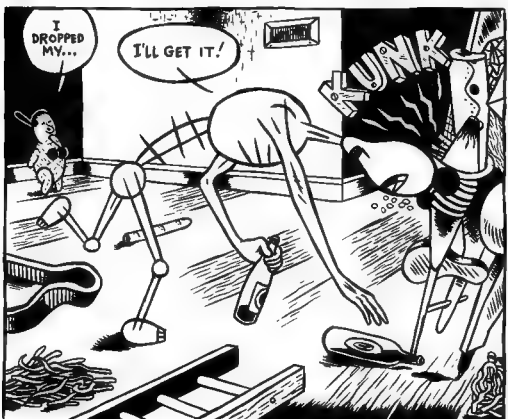
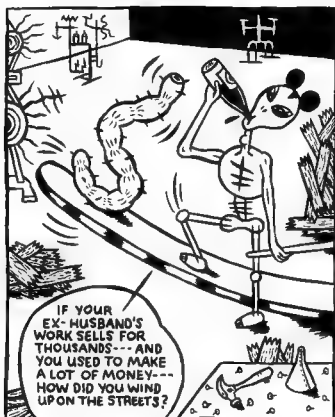
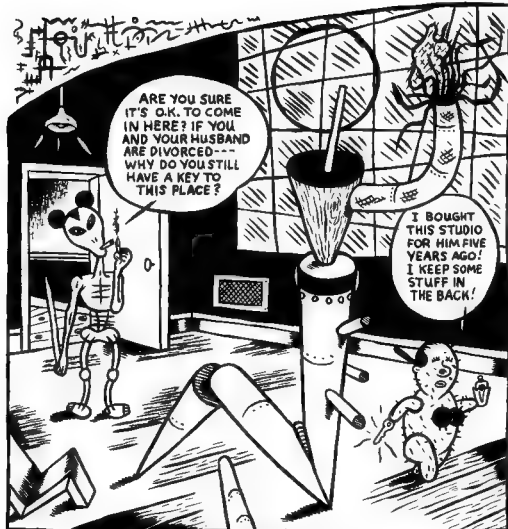


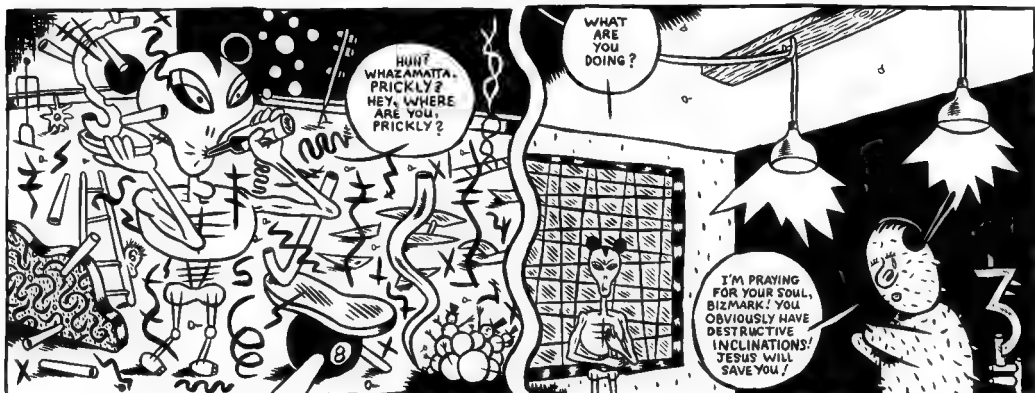
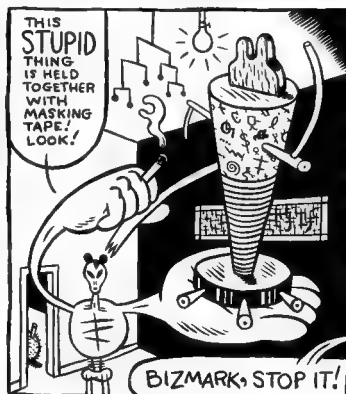
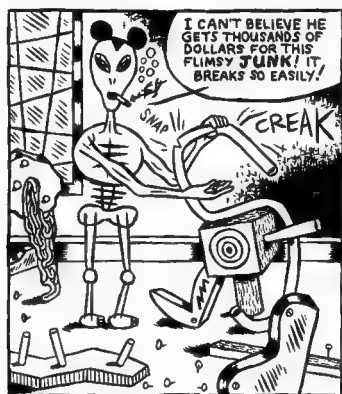
EVERYTHING TREMBLED...YOUNG BIZMARK, A PART-TIME MOVIE PROJECTIONIST, SITS IN HIS APARTMENT PLAYING WITH A CHERISHED TOY.



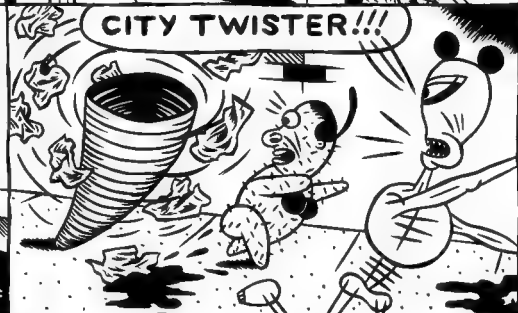
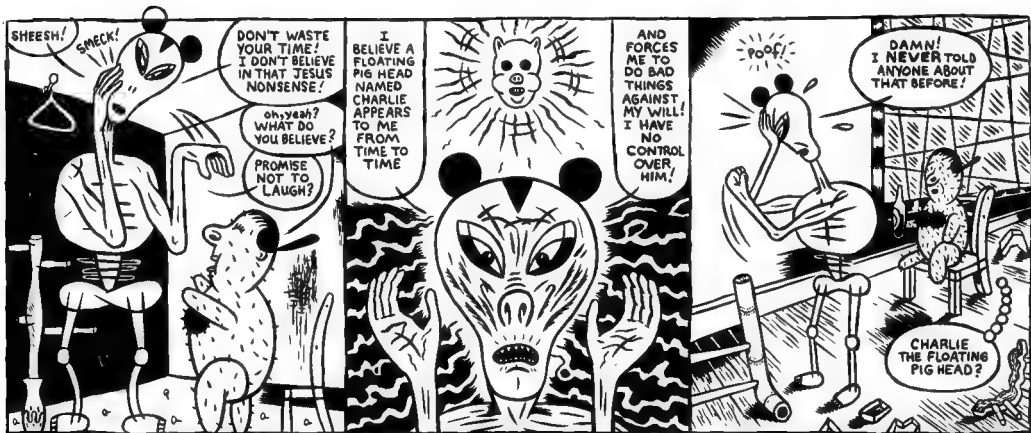
\* Further Connections.



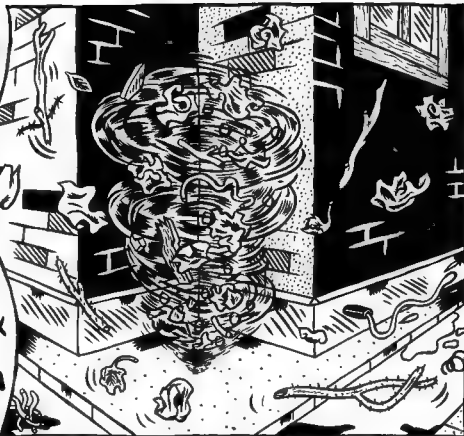
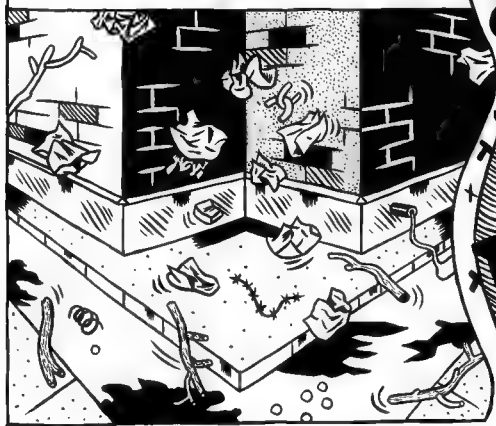








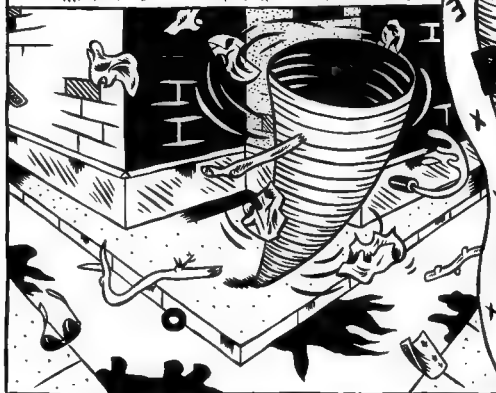
Corners. Nooks. Hard right angles. The irrational architects & twisted builders of Sidetrack City had littered the metropolis with thousands---millions of them!



On windy days & nights as the air currents reel through the streets, the stiff breeze would often get trapped into these niches!

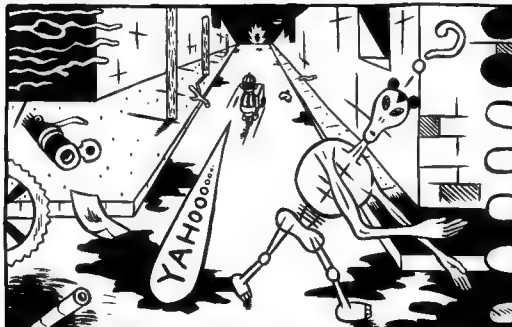
Walls Spinning winds. Loose garbage. Heat from the sewer.... All conspire to create a phenomenon found only in Sidetrack City...

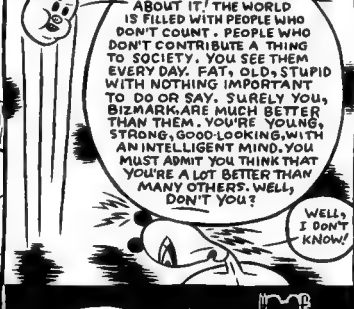
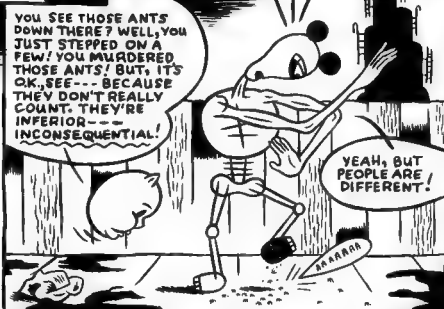
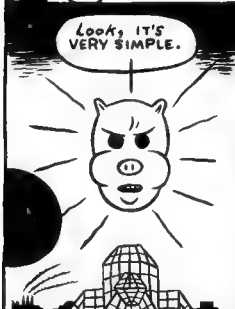
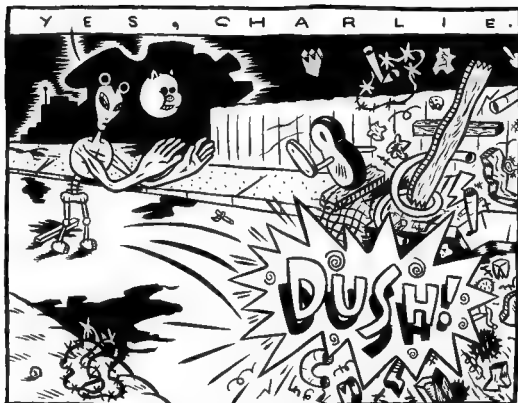
## CITY TWISTERS!

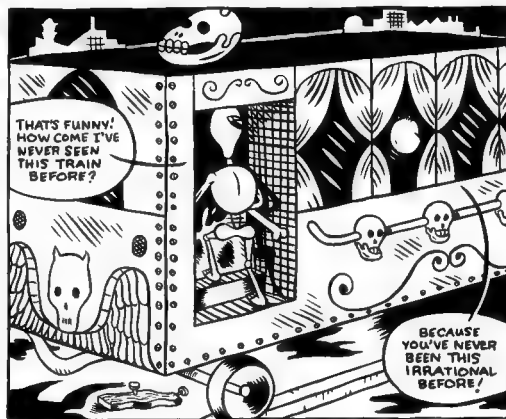
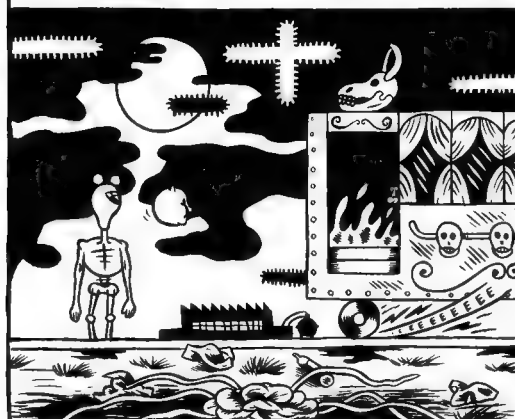
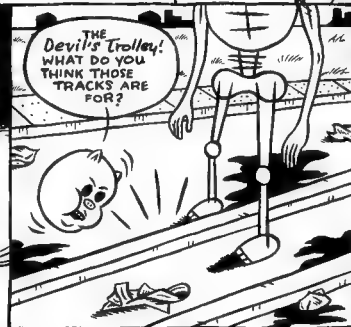
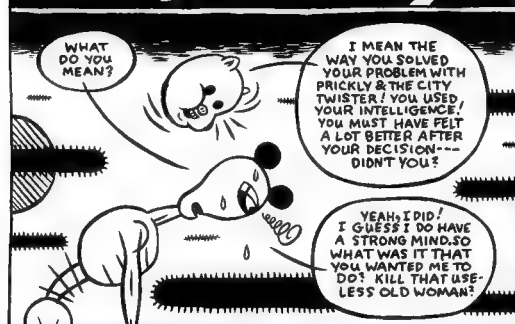
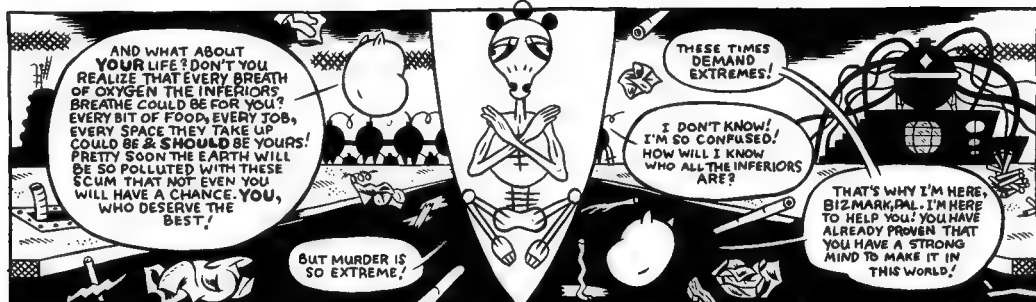


Highly destructive & deadly, City Twisters usually measure about four feet high and have been known to run around in packs, feeding off each others' energies. Their life-spans measure anywhere from ten minutes to eight hours.











Out of the suck  
Of industrial muck  
And a culture infested  
with folly

Under the back  
Of history's tracks  
Rides the  
Devil's Trolley



Deep in the rear  
Where the mind fears to steer



There's a conductor of the Hellhound Express

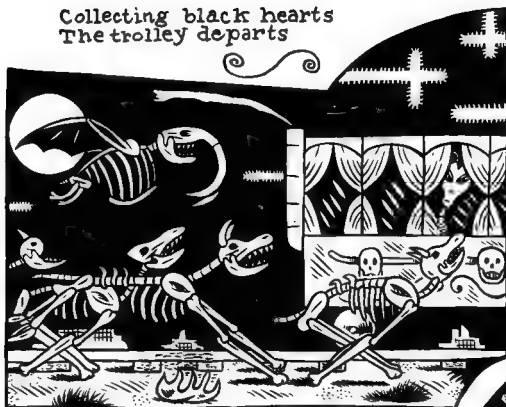


If your sanity's adored

don't step on board

or you'll sink into timeless distress

Collecting black hearts  
The trolley departs



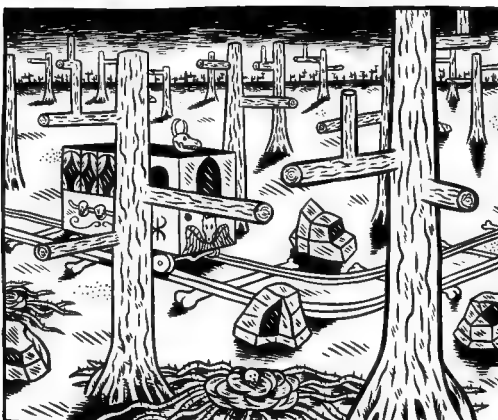
On the steam  
of desiccate brains



Reality grows in discord



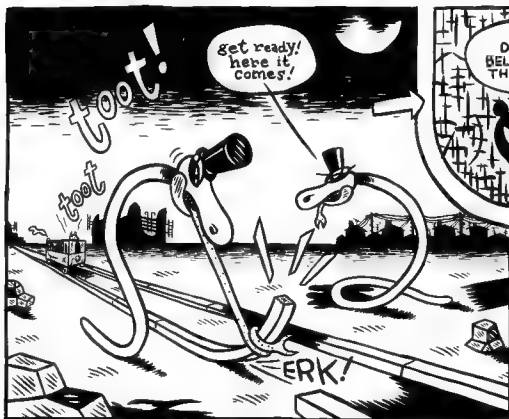
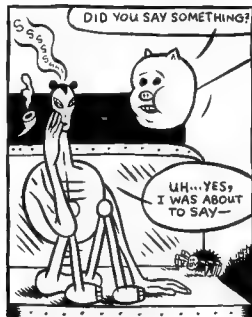
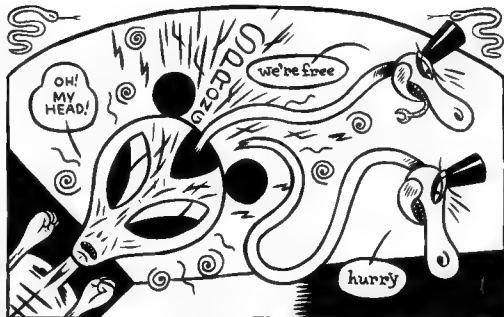
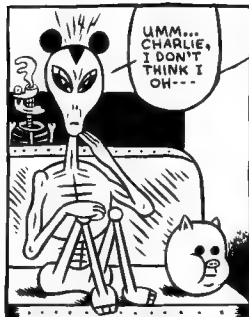
When you hear, "All Aboard!"



Your front door  
is Hell's gate



to all trains



~ End Of Part One ~

# INTERMISSION

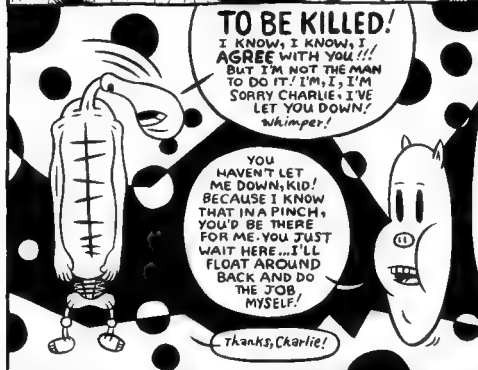
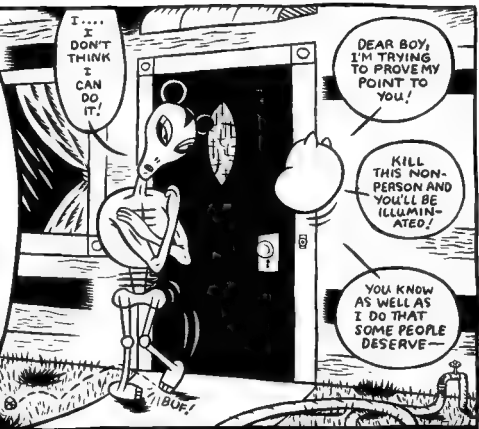


*Self-Portrait With Little Bastard*

SIDETRACK CITY: The  
Soundtrack available  
on cassette for \$6.00  
from So So Da Da  
42 Bellvue Street  
Elizabeth NJ 07202



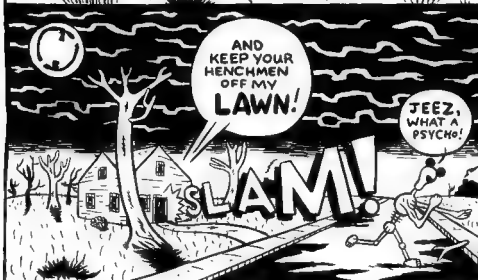
INTRO



CHARACTER



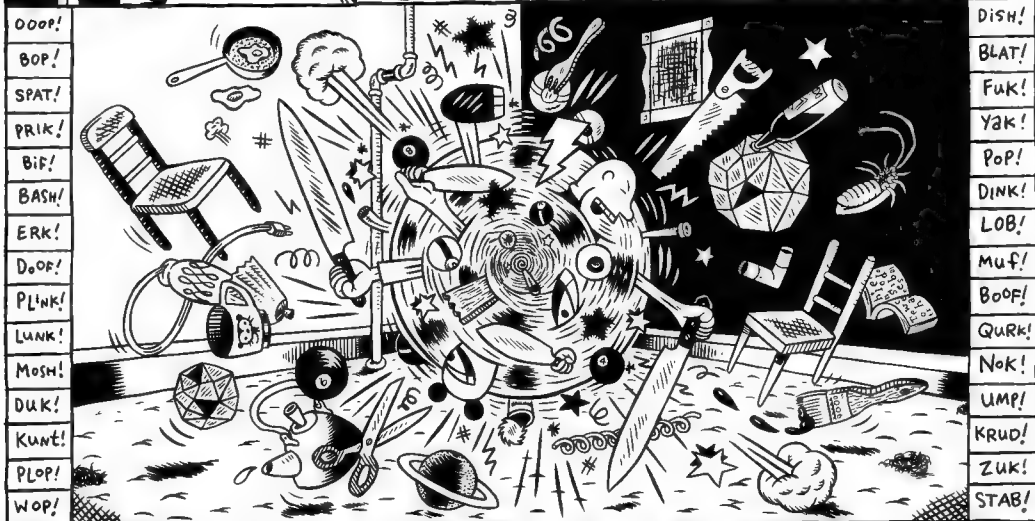
CHARACTER

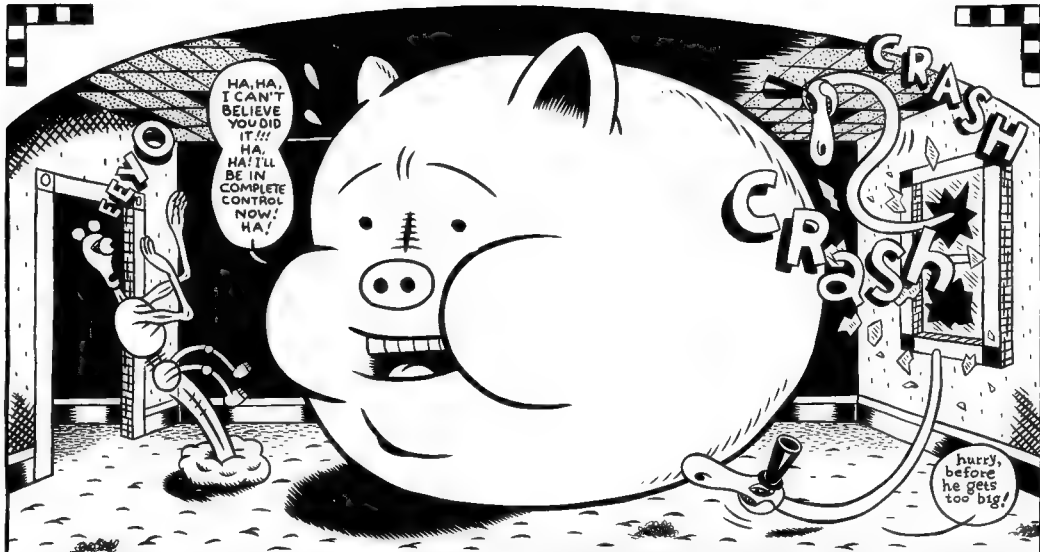


CHARACTER

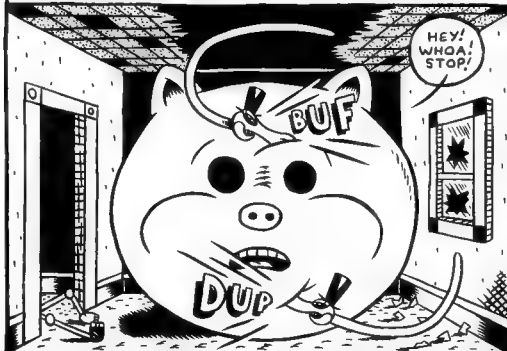




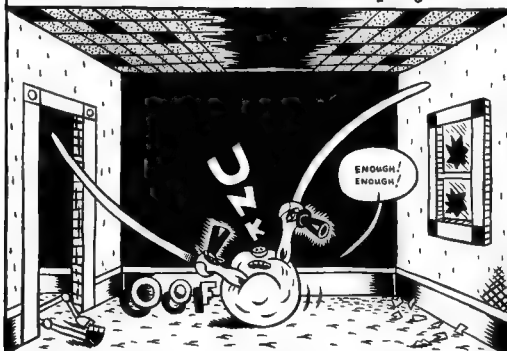




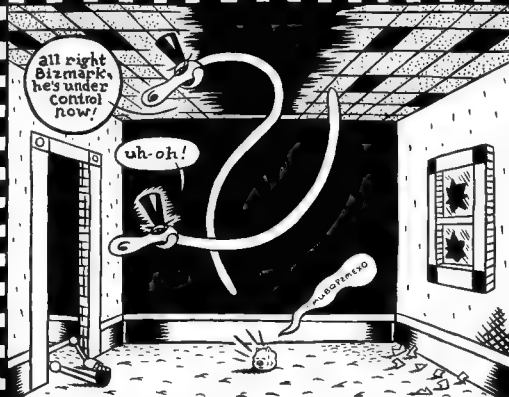
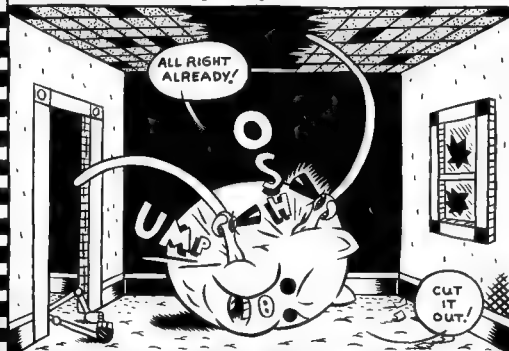
The snakes swoop in, the snakes spring out,  
into your psyche and out your mouth

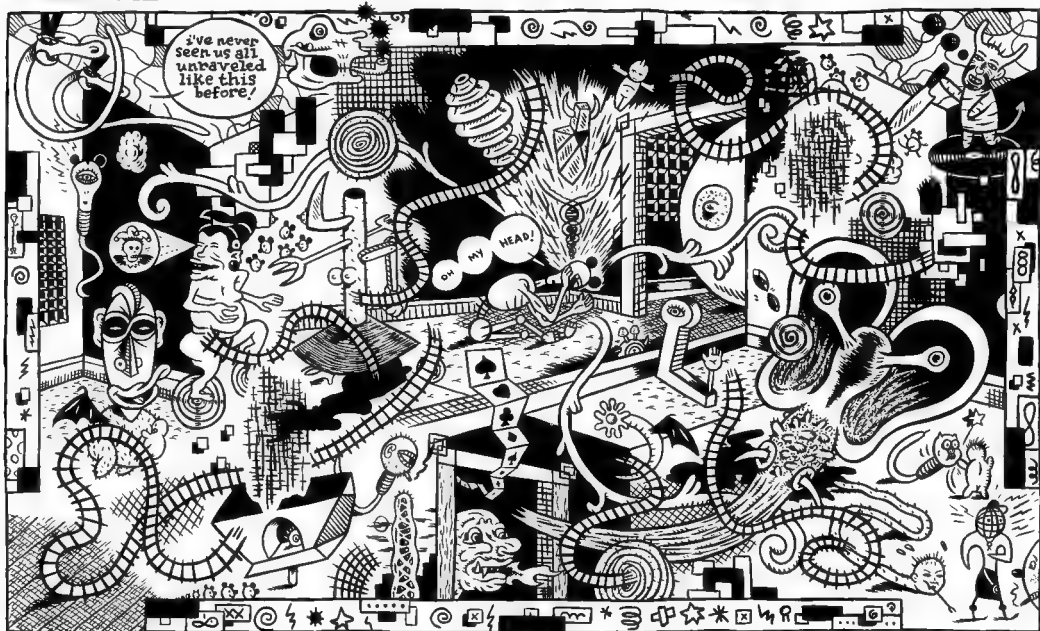


So saddle your snakes, and choose a way,  
The infinite universe wants to play.

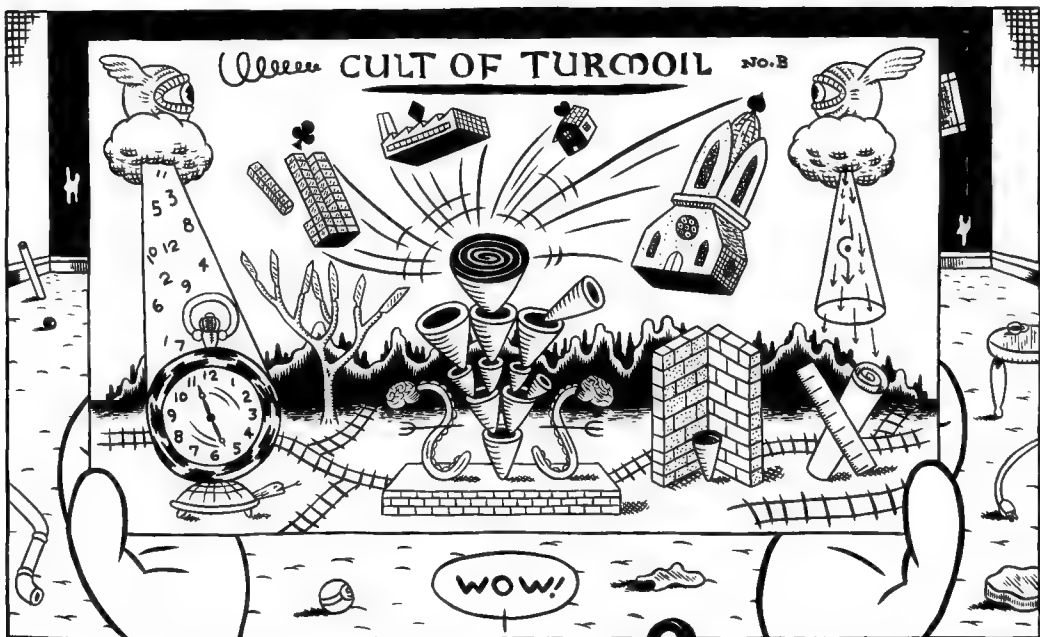
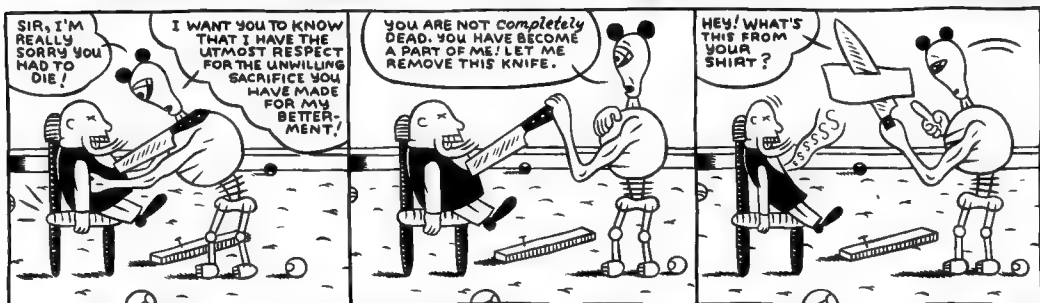
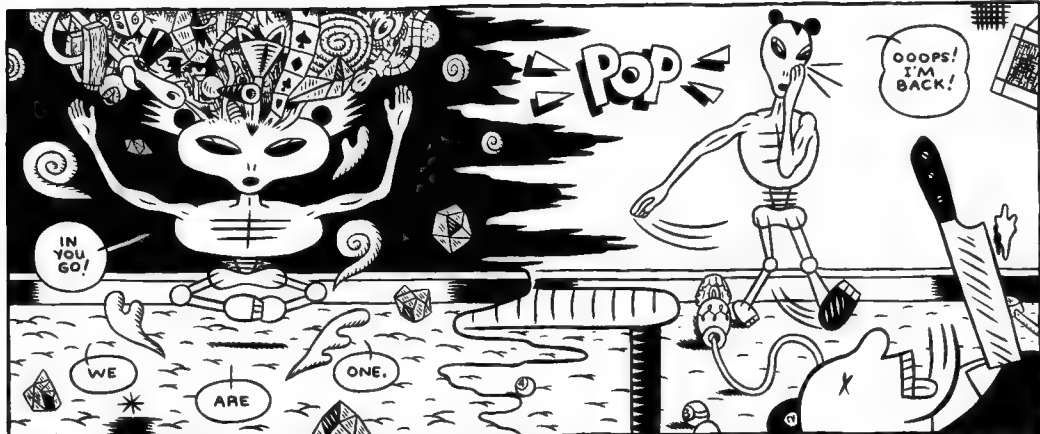


They form your world, allow you to think,  
And when they're gone, your mind's on the brink

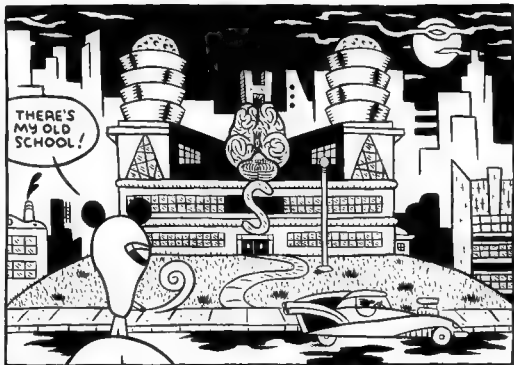
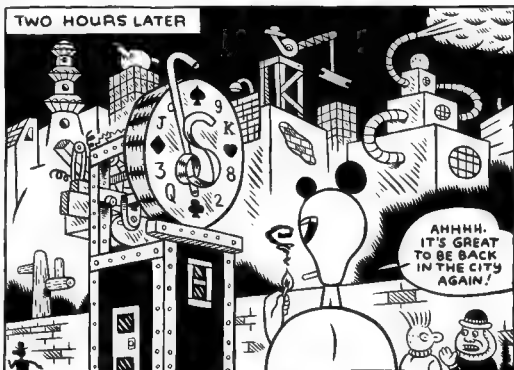
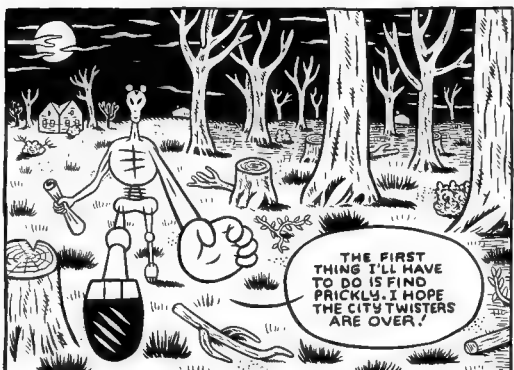
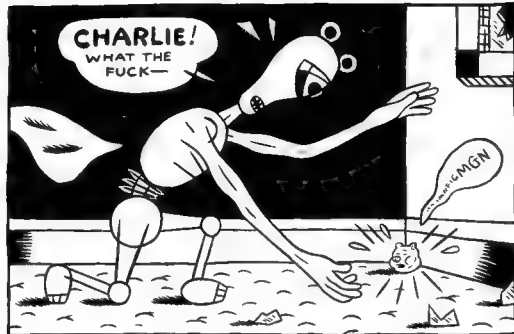
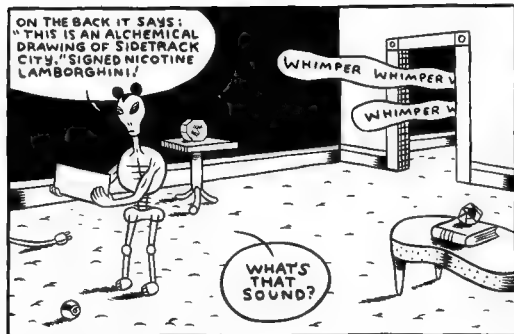


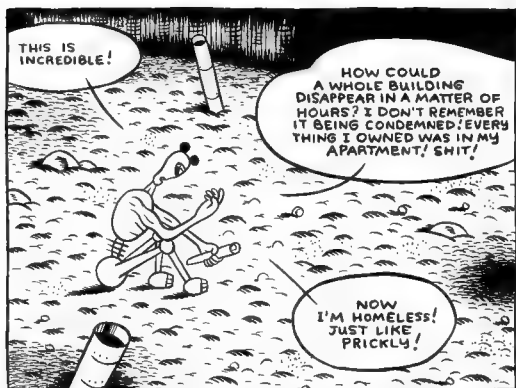
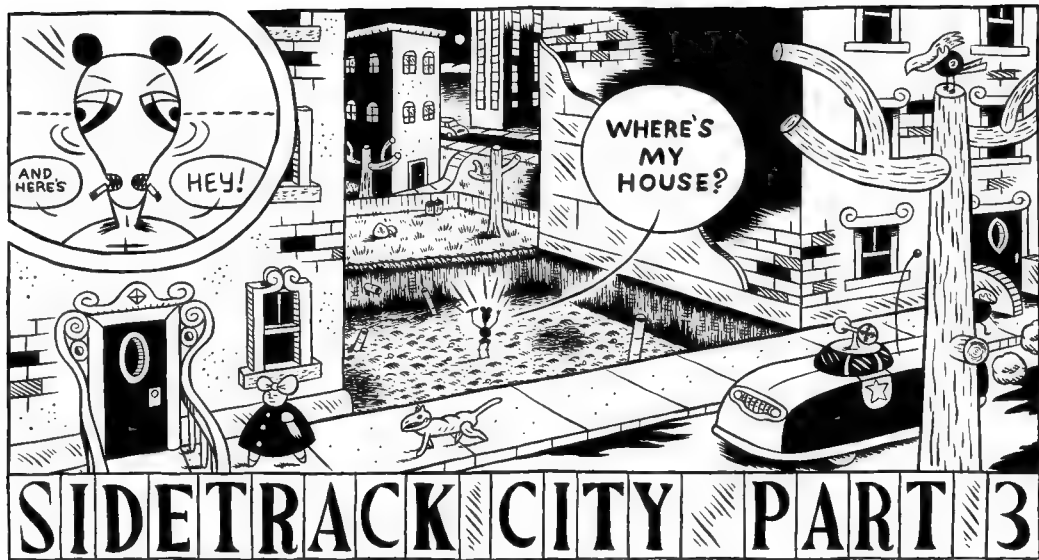


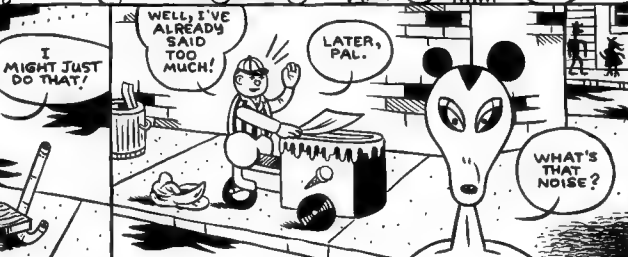
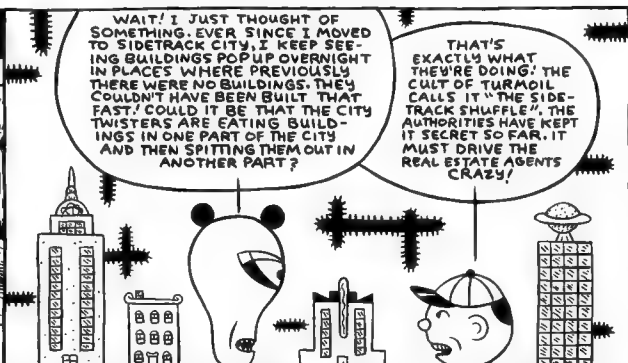
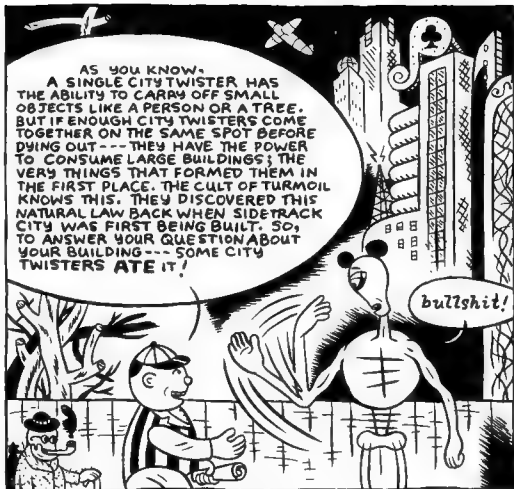


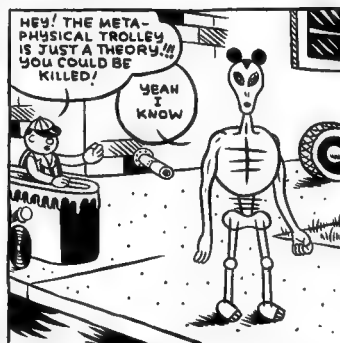
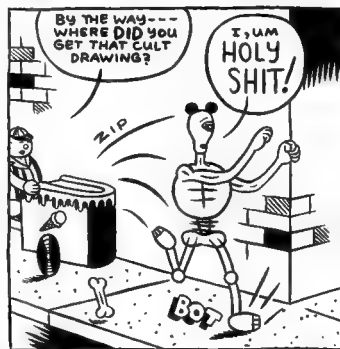
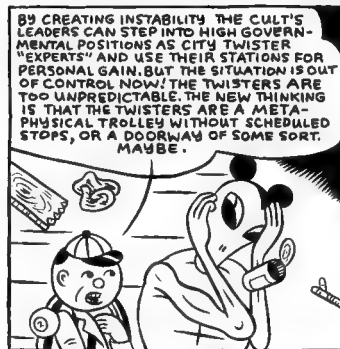
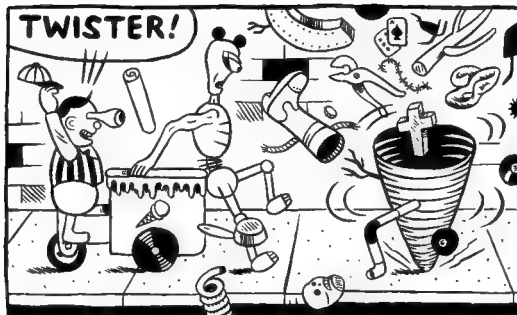


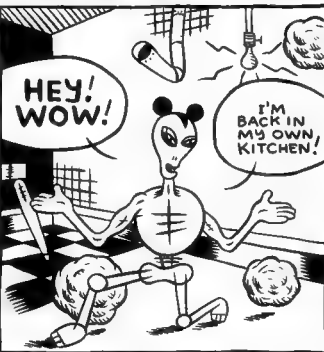
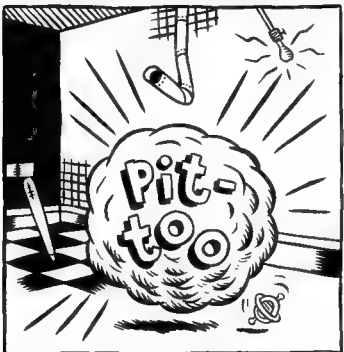
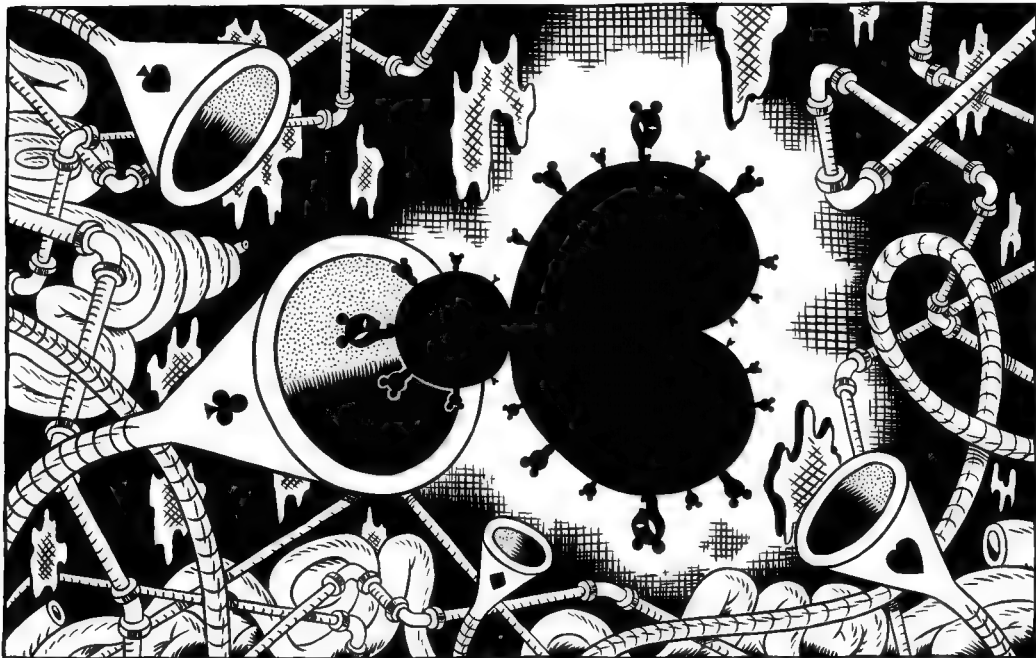
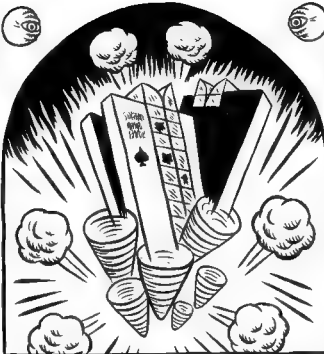
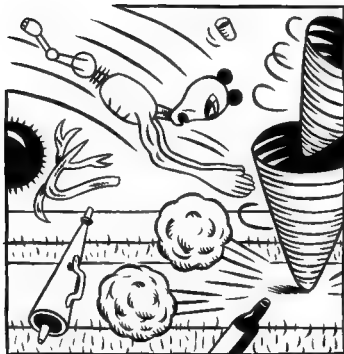




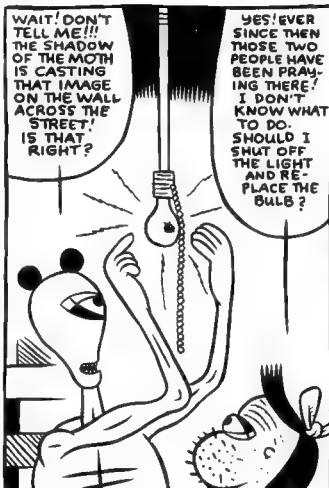
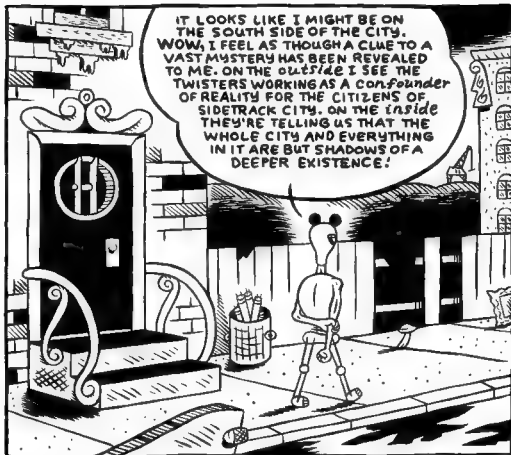


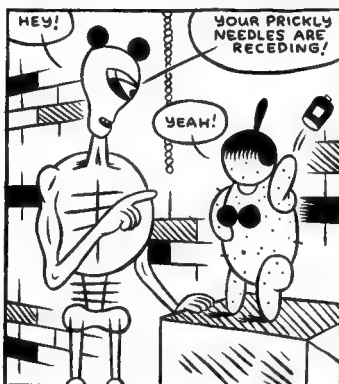
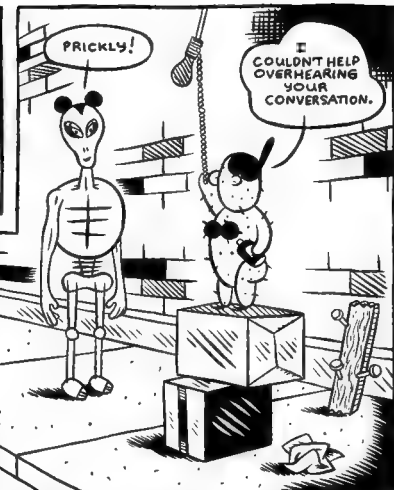
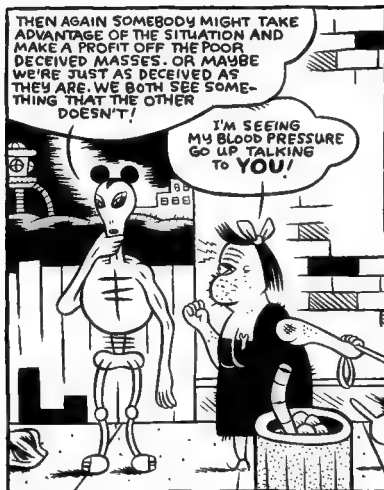












One day soon the twisters will

sweep

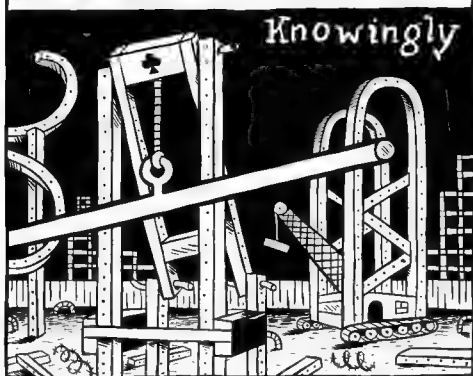


Aside all the shadows that now lay asleep



And the citizens of Sidetrack will stand

Knowingly

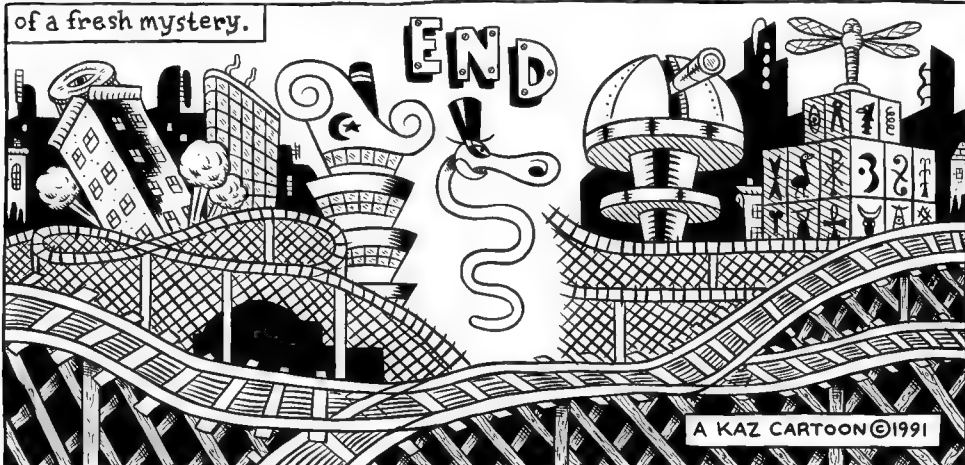


In the translucent light



of a fresh mystery.

END



A KAZ CARTOON ©1991



# SOLO BOOKS!

## AVENUE D

by Glenn Head  
Send \$4.00 to:  
Fantagraphics Books  
7563 Lake City Way NE  
Seattle, WA 98115



## BUZZBOMB

by Kaz  
Large Format  
Send \$12.00 to:  
Fantagraphics Books



SNAKE EYES'  
SNAPPY STYLISTS  
HAVE OWN SOLO  
BOOKS!



## STEVEN

1-4  
by Doug Allen  
Send \$4.00 for each to:  
Kitchen Sink Press  
2 Swamp Road  
Princeton, WI 54968



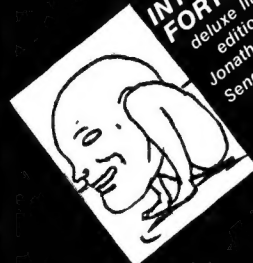
## DIRTY PLOTTE

1-5  
by Julie Doucet  
Send \$2.50 for each to:  
Drawn & Quarterly  
4550 Boyer St.  
Montreal, Quebec  
Canada H2V3E4



## INTESTINAL FORTITUDE

deluxe limited  
edition by  
Jonathon Rosen  
Send \$50.00 to:  
408 2nd #3  
Brooklyn,  
NY 11215



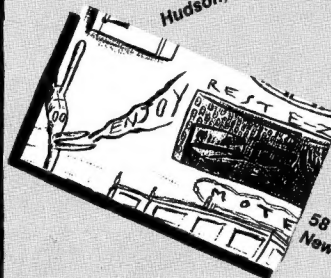
## TRAILER TRASH

by Roy Tompkins  
Send \$2.75 to:  
Tundra Publishing  
320 Riverside Dr.  
Northampton,  
MA 01060



## DEATH WARMED OVER

by Krystine Kryttre  
Send \$4.00 to:  
Cat-Head Comics  
P.O. Box 576  
Hudson, MA 01749



## LAND OF 1000 BEERS

a deluxe  
limited edition  
by David Sandlin  
Send \$21.00 to:  
58 E. 1st St. Apt 5C  
New York, NY 10003







# NOVELTIES

"A quality  
assemblage of  
cutting edge  
artists!"

—Your Flesh  
Magazine

Snake  
Eyes:

"Thoroughly  
Cool!"  
—Shock  
Cinema

"Satirical snaps at the  
B-movie Toxic Wasteland  
of Modern America —  
It's Unmissable!"

—ID magazine

\$9.95

\$11.95 Canada

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

